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ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

THE recent work of Mr. Darwin, "The Descent of Man," that has just appeared in this country, will serve to impart fresh interest to one of the most important scientific questions under discussion at the present day, namely, the *origin of species*.

This last and maturest work of Mr. Darwin was intended, until recently, by its author, to have been posthumous. We will not stop to inquire why this design was formed, or has been abandoned, but the appearance of the book is largely due to the increased tolerance of such views in these later times, as it is the avowed purpose of Mr. Darwin's work to inculcate. Careful students of his earlier writings will have been thoroughly prepared to anticipate this ultimate statement, especially if taken in connection with the copious literature to which the discussion as to the origin of species has given rise.

Whatever others may feel, we hail the appearance of Mr. Darwin's book with pleasure. We have no fear that in the end even Bible or religious truth will suffer. Again, whatever may be said of his doctrines or their consequences, we think no unprejudiced student of Mr. Darwin's writings will accuse him of entertaining purposes, or even a *spirit*, hostile to religion. We can not now enter on details at this point, but think it not a difficult one to establish. Beyond this, no one can fail to admire his patience, perseverance, caution, candor, in short, his scientific spirit and manner. We credit Mr. Darwin, and even Prof. Huxley, with being thoroughly honest, as well as learned and intelligent, and as having the good of their fellow-men at heart.

By these remarks, we would by no means be

understood as recommending *indifference* as to the bearings of science on religion, least of all to the doctrines of Mr. Darwin or their consequences in this relation. But we do object to this fearful spirit some Christians exhibit in the presence of certain novel or startling scientific doctrines or facts. The Bible and Christianity, after having stood the tempests and fiery trials of eighteen hundred years, will not perish, but might even gather strength, so far as we can see, should it be *proved* men have descended from apes. Men are immortal all the same, and as Christians have but little time to spend looking down, looking *up* as they do to a higher estate, to the "recompense of reward." Though it should be proved that the human race *did* graduate out of apes somehow, or time, or place in the past, we have at least one circumstance to console us, namely, whatever we may do toward establishing affinities with apes, we are now so far from them in sympathy and kind as to be sure they will never set up a similar claim, or make a similar discovery on their part. The recognition of consanguinity will never be mutual, whether pleasant or unpleasant. Hence, the multifarious consequences that might otherwise arise, it rests alone with man to avoid.

But what is this "Darwinian Hypothesis" we hear so much about?

Hitherto we have sought in vain in Mr. Darwin's writings for a clear and compact statement of the doctrine in question. This arises from no want of lucidity in expression. For simplicity and clearness we know of no scientific writer that excels Mr. Darwin. After reading his works, one can have no doubt as to what his views are. But the lack of summary, neatly formulated general statements enhances the difficulty of a critical estimate. Perhaps we can not do better than trust Prof. Huxley for

its statement. He says, "As I apprehend it—for I have put into a shape more convenient for common purposes, than I could find *verbatim* in his book . . . given the existence of organic matter, its tendency to transmit its properties, and its tendency occasionally to vary, and lastly, given the conditions of existence by which organic matter is surrounded—then these put together are the *causes* of the *present* and the *past* conditions of *organic nature!*" (Origin of Species, p. 131, Am. Ed.)

To paraphrase this statement liberally, we may say—given the required elements, we may begin with the lowest animal, and from this by a species of improvement, or "evolution," carried on during long periods of time, may rise, for example, from radiates to mollusks, from mollusks to articulates, and from articulates to vertebrates; once with vertebrates begun, we get reptiles from fishes, birds from reptiles, quadrupeds from reptiles, or birds, quadrumanes from quadrupeds, and last of all, *men* from *apes*.

To show *how* this last step in the ascending progression took place, and to prove it did take place, is the intent of Mr. Darwin's last book. And this is a summary statement in plain language of the "Darwinian Hypothesis."

We suppose there can be no doubt as to the general intent or aim in this hypothesis as to the origin of species. It is that of a continuous progression, speaking in general terms, from the lower to the higher plants and animals.

'The higher are derived from the lower. The proofs by which this view is supported may be divided into two classes, and may be regarded from two different stand-points. The two classes of proofs belong, one of them to the past, the other to the present. The one class of evidence is geological, the other belongs to the present period in the earth's history, or the period of man.

These proofs may be considered as Mr. Darwin has, beginning with the facts or particulars, and by careful inductive procedure advancing step by step to the most general conclusion. That conclusion is his "Theory of the Origin of Species," expressed in a single proposition.

Or, on the other hand, we may reverse the procedure and, beginning with the general statement, work backward, or endeavor to do so, analytically or deductively. This is not only a just procedure when once an inductive path has been opened between the facts or premises, and the conclusions, but is necessary, corresponding to the experiment or case called crucial in material proof.

Regarding this mode of examining the theory in question as valid, we propose to read from

the conclusion back to the premises, as, in the present state of the question, not only a summary but a satisfactory course. We propose to see whether we can get from conclusions back to the premises, as easily and plausibly as some have from the premises to the conclusion. It is an old but just adage, that "it is a poor rule that will not work both ways." The mode of examination we propose is, what may be called the logical, since it seeks to determine the adequacy or value of the proof in relation to the conclusion, nothing more.

We have endeavored to study the question under consideration in the best manner we could. Perhaps our study has been inadequate, but in the face of all the evidence brought up in support of the "Darwinian Hypothesis," we have been confronted, and we still are, with several difficulties. We do not offer them as new. But they deserve re-statement until they compel the attention they merit.

But before passing to a summary review of the evidence of the truth of the hypothesis in question, there are two points that demand attention.

1. It is one of the first rules to be complied with in all reasoning to define as exactly as possible leading terms. Without this no discussion can proceed definitely. This is especially true in cases where the subject-matter of the terms is greatly in dispute. About what term has there been greater controversy in these latter days than about that of "species," as to its real meaning? What is the thing it denotes? By what marks shall it be known and designated? How shall we know when we have a "species?" The original question has never been, "What is the origin of types?" as the radiate type, etc., but a more special, underlying one, "What is the origin of species?"

Now *what is* a "species?" The whole question stands or falls on what has been, or may be, done with "species." Any uncertainty that may exist as to what a species is in the beginning, will most assuredly not disappear in the reasonings, based on facts, which borrow their chief value from the assumption that we clearly understand what we are talking about when we use the term species. The reader might suppose by this time a scientific term, so long in use, must be well defined, its limits and contents agreed on. But the very reverse of this is true. We decline to state or examine the various definitions at this time that have been given by naturalists of the term in question, but we make bold to say no acceptable real definition of this term has ever been given. We do not say such a definition can be given,

least of all is it our intention to propose one. But until this shall be done, there must be, as there is, vagueness and obscurity hanging about all discussions which proceed on the sandy, shifting basis afforded by this term, or what it is presumed to denote. Before we dispute much further as to the "origin" of species, we had better stop and inquire more strictly what is denoted by our major term. We must have a clearer definition, qualitative or quantitative, before we can legitimately proceed. This is all the more so since the unmistakable tendency or aim of modern discussion, in one of its phases, is to free species, or our conception of them, from their most distinguishing characteristic; namely, persistence of plan, or type, in connection with wide variation.

Since this is the chief obstacle in the path of the transmutation theory, it is easy to see why it should be discredited or set aside. But when you have deprived a species of the characteristic just referred to, what have you but a variety? Once with species and varieties on the same level, calling a variety a species and *vice versa*, it is quite possible to render plausible, or even prove the "Darwinian Hypothesis."

From an examination of varieties called species, you get conclusions made to include real species without so much as consulting them. Now we hold ourselves ready to prove this has been often done, and that too frequently the "Darwinian Hypothesis" stands on no better foundation than this. Are we absolutely certain, for example, that in describing oaks under the generic name *quercus*, and the various different kinds as species under this genus, that our terms, as we have fixed their meaning, really express the truth of nature? Are we sure what is called the genus should not be called the species, in the common sense of this term, while what we call species should be called varieties? Have we not ministered to confusion by an inadequate or imperfect terminology? What is said of oaks must be repeated in hundreds of instances, in the plant and animal kingdoms. Has any body ever answered these questions in a satisfactory manner, so as to put reasonable inquiry at rest? Can it be said a decisive answer on this point is immaterial? But whatever uncertainty there may be concerning the questions stated above, there can be none on this one. Have we any evidence that either oaks or pines, for example, by any natural or artificial process whatever, have deserted, either upward or downward, an easily recognized type or plan, this as an oak, that as a pine, becoming something else than an oak or a pine, or that they have ever been changed,

the one into the other? Not the slightest evidence in the world, so far as we know. There have been wide and endless variations, but no desertions.

The same may be said, for example, for dogs and men. We have a genus *Homo*, and under this a number of varieties of the more permanent kind, because we have degrees in the permanence of varieties. Under the genus *Canis* are we sure the various species, so-called, are not mere permanent varieties? Have we ever known any member under this genus to transmute into another genus? However much dogs may differ as to size, color, hair, etc., do they not all conform pertinaciously to an easily recognized type, which they have never been known to desert for another?

If we do not admit this element of permanence of type or plan as a distinguishing mark of species, we degrade them to the rank of mere varieties, and once on this basis of sand there is no reliable ground on which for scientific investigation to rest, since it rests not till it has formed the underlying uniformities of the subject in hand. With species deprived of the element of permanence, you have nothing left as the tangible object or end of scientific research but an indefinite "tendency" to transmutation wholly at variance with many facts both positive and negative, and the conditions of which are in most cases unknown, in many unknowable.

It can not be said no distinction is customarily drawn between species and varieties, nor can it be said that distinction has been other than permanence of type in one, and the want of it in the other. But how shall we emancipate the fundamental type of a species, or even a genus, from the ever-changing disguises of its variations, and so describe it that we can detect it under the garb of its mutations? Here, then, are natural obstacles to clear definition, to be added to the artificial ones growing out of an imperfect terminology.

While we have this uncertainty in our knowledge as to what a species is, and a corresponding imperfection in definition of the leading terms we employ, how can we hope for accordant discussion or reliable conclusions, which some think they have? The difficulty just stated at some little length is the one that meets us at the very threshold of the inquiry, and, to our mind, has vitiated the whole course of discussion as to the origin of species. Until a definition has been drawn between species and varieties—if there be any—sufficiently clear for the purposes of critical discussion, the chance is all arguments in favor of the trans-

mutation of species are really drawn from the changes and interchanges of varieties. This is truly the state of the discussion to-day. We do not announce any new discovery as to the logical state of this question. Those best qualified to speak are freest to admit the difficulty, and in some cases practical impossibility, of distinguishing between species and varieties.

2. *As to the question of time.* One prime desideratum or condition in the "Darwinian Hypothesis" is time. It is said, to effect a conversion from one species to another requires long periods in time. The required changes take place so deliberately, and by such small gradations, that thousands of years may be necessary in which to produce the transmutation. There can be no objection to this demand. If this is all the "Hypothesis" needs it is welcome to it. But it is a demand that works both ways. If the friends of the hypothesis contend for immense, and we may say impracticable periods of time in which to produce and confirm the required changes, so, on the other hand, must we subject these so-called new species, artificially produced, to naturally favorable circumstances, and if, at the end of a few hundred or thousand years, the new peculiarities, or type, should persist in spite of variations, then we may certainly pronounce we have a new species, and not till then. How often would we find the so-called new species reverting back to the original type or parent stock? These remarks all proceed on the suppositions that we know what a species is, and that there have been cases of new species produced either naturally or artificially, which we heartily doubt. We know very well such a test as regards time would be complained of as unscientific and unreasonable. But no more complaints would deter us from applying it until it should be shown how it could be allowed in the other case and not in this one. Can it be said it is not the test to which all undoubted species, in the common sense of the word, have been actually subjected?

It is not enough that a so-called new species shall endure for a few years under favorable circumstances that tend to perpetuate new features, as in the numerous varieties of flowers, or fruits, or animals, obtained by careful domestication, cultivation, and selection. The element of time is just as necessary in proving as in procuring a new species. To this test oaks, pines, dogs, horses, and men have been subjected.

It is not a question of so much importance in case of mere varieties. They may be produced, or may relapse in comparatively brief periods in time. There are, as already said,

degrees in the permanence of varieties. There can be no question that the permanence of some varieties is such as to leave one in doubt whether they are not species. On the other hand, the power of species to vary differs in different cases. Some species may vary so readily under even slight influences, as to raise a just suspicion whether they are not simply strongly marked varieties.

We insist on the element of time for proving species, or a satisfactory reason why we can not have it. This point conceded us, however, two alternatives are presented to the "Darwinian Hypothesis." Either it must surrender the question of time altogether, or it must submit to have most, at least, of its strongest proofs held *sub judice*—bottled up for a few hundred or thousand years. Of course this could not be alleged against geological proofs of the "Hypothesis." But the reader will be surprised if he looks into these geological proofs to find how slender they are. We shall speak of them briefly in a subsequent article.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BERT'S WHISTLE.

THE hot, bright sun of a long July day sank out of sight behind the western hills, and a faint breeze sprang up, lifting the heads of the drooping flowers, and softly swaying the delicate vines that clambered from pillar to pillar of a broad piazza. Lured by the cooling breath the occupants of the pleasant country-seat had all gathered there, and were watching the rosy light fade away and the moon come up until all the lawn lay fair and still under its soft light, and the graveled walks grew white and glittering. Then began that wonderful chorus of insect voices that a Summer night calls forth, and the human audience, lulled into reveries by the sound, grew still—the younger ones seeing visions it may be, the older ones dreaming dreams.

A pretty picture they unconsciously formed—the gentlemen sitting in the clear light on the steps, and the ladies a little further back, where the vine-leaves threw changing, beautiful shadows over their pure white dresses. But the children, too young to take thought for the future, not old enough to have a past, grew weary of the silence presently, and began to tell each other marvelous stories of "once upon a time." Then they tried to imitate a distant whip-poor-will, and broke into peals of laughter at their ineffectual efforts to learn the locust's long song.

"Sounds as if he wound himself up, and then just let himself run down again. We can't get the right key," commented a wee merry maiden. "O, Uncle Cambrel!" making a rush toward a gray-haired old gentleman, and putting her coaxing arms around his neck, "I know what we want! Please play owl for us—do!"

"O yes, do!" chorused the rest of the uneasy group, gathering about him.

He laughed, and drew the golden-haired Angie into his lap. "Well, get ready to stop your ears, all of you."

The imitation was almost perfect, and a series of long, doleful to-whoo-oos sounded forth until the whole party were laughing.

"How came you ever to acquire such an accomplishment as that, uncle?" asked one of the ladies.

"And of what particular use did you suppose it would be when you were taking the trouble to learn it?" added his wife, a dignified lady—she who did not quite approve of such owlings.

"One learns such things in the woods, hardly knowing how or why," he answered. "After all," he added musingly, "it is such a wonderful world, and things fit into our lives so strangely, that it is hard to tell what of all the things we gather up will be of use to us, and what worthless. I never felt like condemning poor Mrs. Toodles for quite the simpleton most people think her; she only took a comprehensive view of life's possible needs—"

"And a terribly inconvenient way of carrying out her views," interposed Mrs. Cambrel.

"There was my brother Bert," pursued the old gentleman; "he had some way learned, when a boy, the loudest, shrillest, most unearthly whistle I ever heard. He used to practice it sometimes—when we were out-of-doors, of course, for no one would have such a noise in the house; but after all—"

"It secured him a first-class position on some locomotive or steam-boat, I suppose?" suggested his wife.

"No, not exactly," laughing; "but it was quite as serviceable in another way. It was long ago, when this country was all new. The lawn out here was only a little clearing, and this house did not exist even in a plan, but a log-cabin stood in its place. A wild, beautiful country this was then, with only a few settlers here and there, and they separated from each other by long stretches of wood. There was something very pleasant, though, in that life in the forest. The strange beauty and stillness had a charm all their own, and we were not unhappy nor very lonely, though we had come

from an Eastern village here. No cultivated garden could be as lovely as those woods with all their wild flowers, and the great old trees were fairly alive with birds. To be sure there were some wild animals under those same leafy branches now and then—enough to give an occasional touch of excitement to our otherwise quiet farm-life—but we saw less and less of them as our clearings extended."

"Bears?" questioned Angie with wide-open eyes.

"Ay, my pet, and wolves too. A hungry one would occasionally venture near the clearing even in the day-time, and more than once the children came into the house with stories of 'an ugly yellow dog' that watched them from behind the trees when they were out at play. Still, as I said, such things happened more rarely after a time, and we grew to think less and less about them. We had been here nearly two years when, one Autumn afternoon, Bert looked in at the door and called to his wife,

"I'm off on my travels, Janie; one of the cows has strayed away and I must hunt her up."

"I hope you won't have to go far," she said.

"I guess not, though it is hard to tell," he answered.

"O, Bert!" she exclaimed quickly as she turned away, 'you do n't mean to go as you are—dressed just in that way?'

"He surveyed his clothes with a comical glance. 'Well, my boots are rather muddy, and I'm not in the nicest possible order, but I do n't believe Brindle will object to walking home with me, particularly as our roads are so very quiet here, and it is not likely that any one will see us.'

"Nonsense!" said Janie laughing. 'Do n't you see how cloudy it has grown this afternoon? I'm afraid it may rain before you get back, and at any rate it is growing colder. Here, take this with you,' and she handed him an old cloak that we often used to throw about us when going out in a storm. 'It won't be much trouble, and you may need it before you are home again.'

"He took it, more to satisfy her than because he really cared about it, and started off, while the children stood with noses flattened against the window, and watched him until he was out of sight. Janie went back to her work again—making up Winter garments for the little ones from cloth her own hands had woven. She watched the sky, but although it remained cloudy there was no rain, and so the afternoon wore away. Supper-time came, the tea-kettle was swung over the blaze in the great fire-place, and the short-cake made and put to bake in the

kettle under the coals, but Bert did not come, and after waiting half an hour more, the family gathered about the table.

"'He must be having quite a search,' father remarked.

"'I hope he won't stay late,' said Janie a little anxiously. To her gentle, womanly thought that new country was full of all dangers, known and unknown, after dark.

"'O, no! it is n't likely he will do that,' father answered. 'He will be home by dark at least; there would be no use in his staying away any longer.'

"But the gray twilight faded away, and the shadows grew thicker and darker, and still he did not come. Janie, putting the children to bed, was constantly hushing their prattle, and pausing to listen at every sound, hoping to hear his returning step. At last the little heads were safely on their pillows, and it had grown quite dark without, but within the wood fire was stirred into a brighter blaze, and threw its cheerful light over the room, touching up the rough walls and homely furniture with a pleasant glow. To and fro through the fire-light Janie walked with her babe in her arms, her dark eyes turning ever toward the window, while her face grew paler with each half hour that passed. Father wandered frequently to the door and stood peering out into the darkness until, after a time, the moon broke through the clouds and shone out fair and bright.

"Bert had started off on the road that led through the wood, and walked on and on without finding any trace of the missing animal. At last the faint, distant tinkle of a bell reached his ear, and he turned aside from the path, and pushed his way through bushes and undergrowth in the direction from whence the sound came. It was not easy to find the spot. It seemed farther off than he had at first thought, and there were long intervals of silence in which he had to make his way as best he could, listening in vain for any note of the bell by which to guide his steps. Even when he heard it again it seemed to come first from the right, then a little from the left, and so more than an hour passed while he attempted to follow it. Then the sound grew nearer and more distinct, and he pressed forward more rapidly, until he found himself in a tiny open glade, and discovered, not Brindle, but a little child some three or four years old, with a bell in its hand.

"If Bert was surprised and disappointed, the child was equally so, for, after surveying him for a moment with a pair of wondering eyes, it suddenly burst into a passion of tears and sobbing. Bert glanced about him, but there was

no house in sight, no sign of any human habitation near, to which the young stranger could belong.

"'Where in the world did you come from?' he asked, bewildered.

"There was no answer, and beginning to realize that his appearance and abrupt question had frightened the poor little waif, he drew nearer and said soothingly,

"'What is the matter, little one? What are you crying for?'

"'Cause I was ringin' for ma,' sobbed the child; 'an' I thought she'd come, an' 't was you!'

"'Where is ma?'

"'She's home. I want to go home too.'

"'Well, do n't cry,' Bert answered comfortingly, 'I guess she could n't hear the bell, and that is the reason she did n't come. Where is home?'

"'Way over there,' and the tiny finger pointed rather uncertainly.

"'There?' asked Bert, pointing in an opposite direction.

"The child nodded assent. It evidently knew nothing of the route by which it had come, and Bert was perplexed and troubled.

"'How came you away from your mother?' he asked, hoping to find some clew.

"'Cause she worked in the house, an' I played out-doors with the bell. I went to find pa, but I could n't find him, an' then I was 'fraid of a cow, an' I come here. Will you take me to ma?'

"'If I can find her,' he answered, trying to decide in what direction to go. The child gave her own name, but it was one with which he was entirely unacquainted, and he did not know how far she might have wandered, or where to seek for her friends. It was growing late, however, and he could not pause long to consider the matter, so he took the little girl's hand, and wandered up the glade, hoping to find some path which would lead either to her home, or back to the road which he had left. None appeared except such as had been made by animals pushing their way through the bushes, and following these openings he came, finally, upon the primitive object of his search, which he had for the time almost relinquished—old Brindle.

"The shadows were already deepening in the wood, and there was need of hastening. He resolved to turn homeward as soon as possible, but the tired little feet beside him began to lag sadly, and he was soon obliged to take the child in his arms. Thus burdened and driving the cow before him, he could proceed but

slowly, press forward as he would, and the light grew steadily dimmer and fainter, while the wood seemed to stretch out before him interminably. He had not dreamed that he had left the road so far behind him, and he traveled wearily on in his efforts to regain it, stopping now and then to rest and look about him, until it grew quite dark, and the conclusion forced itself upon him at last that, bewildered by his anxiety to discover the home of the child, and by the closing in of the night, he had lost his way, and was wandering he knew not whither. He tried in vain to discover some familiar landmark, yet the thought of the anxiety that would be felt at home urged him forward, though he knew that he might be straying further away from, instead of drawing nearer to, the waiting ones.

"He was almost giving up in despair when a sound as of a distant shout fell upon his ear. Some one had come in search of him, he thought, and he answered with a loud, cheery 'holloa!' The call came again, and again he replied. After a few times it seemed to him more like a woman's voice, and he began to wonder if it were possible that the mother of the child could be out in the woods at that hour. Guided by his responsive calls the sound came nearer, and as it reached him more distinctly, he suddenly recognized it, and ceased replying—it was the panther's cry, and his voice was but drawing the creature toward him. He moved on in silence then, and, after a time, had the satisfaction of hearing the dismal cries grow more distant again. The wind was becoming colder, and he fastened about him the old cloak Janie had insisted upon his taking, and drew it around the child who, worn out, had fallen asleep in his arms. He was very weary, too, with the long journeying, and as he emerged into a more open space he sank down to rest, and had almost resolved to proceed no farther, when the moon broke through the clouds and revealed the sought-for road just beyond him. That discovery brought new strength at once, and as a brief examination showed him that his wanderings had not led him entirely out of the proper course, and that he had regained the road at a point not far distant from his home, he pressed forward joyously.

"Soon the trees became more scattering, the thick forest was behind him, and one of his own cleared fields in sight. Home was but little more than half a mile away.

"Now, Brindle, you know the road, so hurry along," he remarked in a tone both impatient and congratulatory.

"But Brindle came to an abrupt halt, and manifested a decidedly stronger inclination to

retreat than to proceed any farther in the right direction. Glancing ahead to learn what had frightened her, Bert saw, directly in the path, a bear—a great, hungry animal that made him shudder as he looked. He had not thought of providing for any such contingency when he started on his search, encounters of that kind had come to be of such rare occurrence; and so, entirely unarmed and burdened with the sleeping child, he knew not what to do. For one fearful moment he stood irresolute, revolving and rejecting a host of wild plans; then laying the little girl upon the ground, he suddenly threw the old cloak up over his head and arms, and bending forward ran toward the creature, flapping the garment wildly about like a pair of great black wings, and sending forth at the same time his loud, shrieking, peculiar whistle.

"The bear started, and retreated a few paces. Bert's experiment was a dangerous one, but it seemed his only resource, and he repeated it—desperation lending to his whistle a degree of unearthly wildness that he had never quite attained in his days of boyish practice. The bear was terrified, and with a growl turned and disappeared in the wood. The frightened Brindle seized the opportunity, and ran down the road at full speed, and Bert, catching up the child, hurried after as fast as possible. He was heartily welcomed at home, where all were relieved from anxiety by his returning safe and well. Still, when the family were comfortably gathered about the fire, and he had told his story, there was some laughing about his whistling being so miserable that even a bear could not listen to it. Some one playfully suggested that he should mark the site of the occurrence by laying there the corner-stone of a school for whistlers. But Janie, with her hand resting on his shoulder, said softly, 'A better memorial would be such a stone as Jacob raised in the olden time—to the God who delivered from evil.'"

"And did the little girl ever get home?" questioned Angie, nestling her head on Uncle Cambrel's shoulder.

"O, yes; we found where she belonged the next day. Her parents had but lately moved to the place, but we became good friends afterward."

"It was a queer ride that she took in Uncle Bert's arms, without knowing any thing about the bears or panthers," pursued Angie meditatively.

"I do n't know, pet," answered the old gentleman thoughtfully. "It is very much like a great part of the journey we all are taking—

borne onward by strong, tender arms through dangers we do not see or dream of."

"Well," said Mrs. Cambrel, breaking the momentary silence that fell, "is the moral of all this that these boys are to imitate all the engine shrieks, tin horns, and various deafening sounds they may hear, with a view to their being useful some day?"

"O, no!" answered Mr. Cambrel, laughing. "The moral is, that these boys should keep all their astonishing whistles and wonderful war-whoops to practice on wild animals, and not torture civilized human beings with them."

THE GREAT EMIGRANT AND CHURCH FATHER.

THERE was a point in history where it divided itself into what is styled sacred and secular. That point was reached in the call of Abraham. Not that God's plan of government is less inclusive of one part than the other, for his kingdom ruleth over all. But while, from this separation, the heathen lines run on unfolding in a general way the great problem of history, they have no specially provided records, except as they impinge the other line.

There is another difference. The secular movement, in its main flow, is in the degenerating line from the evil forces of the serpent's beguilement. The other, along with these evils, carries both the promise and the virtue of a counteracting and restorative good in the covenants, and the more and more clearly developed idea of the foretold conquering seed. The subsidiary problems of the struggling heathen ages are held in the grasp of the main problem. More and more clearly as these ages advance, is defined a consciousness of need—a half-longing for something higher and better than nature-worship, or than science, philosophy, or art can supply. At the same time there come into history on the secular side the culturing influence of commerce and government, language and law, as a providential preparation for this anticipated something better. While this sacred line starts with a single family and moves on into a Church and nation, it is not mainly for the sake of that family or nation. For this particularism is the opening of a dispensation that is to draw all the nations, broken up and scattered by the confusion at Babel, back toward a moral unity and a higher harmony at the cross.

While, therefore, Providence is no more real in Christian history on account of its special

record, it is yet far more visible. And though it is equally minute in both, there is much more that is emphatic in the one than in the other, because so much more of the great world-plan hinges on it.

From Shem to Terah, separation, colonization was the providential law. But when the degeneracy kept pace with the colonization—in order to preserve the sacred germ from being overborne by evil, the principle of *selection*, the idea of a Church, of a covenant-people, opens up another historic period.

Abraham, with whom the experiment commences, was a dweller in Chaldea, in the upper part of Mesopotamia, and from a northern branch of the religious Semitic family. On the principle of selection, he was called out from among his idolatrous kinsmen.

But whither shall this elect family be led for this special training? The answer to this question is found in the correlated idea of a holy land. These—the holy land and the chosen holy people—are parts of the same plan and course of events, and for two thousand years are prophetic pointers, or a key-note in the harmonies of history.

The place appointed as the school-house for these chosen pupils of Providence would combine, we should expect, all the main forces of physical, mental, and moral development, so far as sea and land, hills and valleys, rocks and rivers, can supply them. And just such a combination exists in the land of the Canaanites, whither this chosen family was led. It lies in the very center of the eastern hemisphere. It borders in its whole length on the Mediterranean Sea, that great mediating highway of the nations and focal point of the world's thought. It is guarded on the north by the bold and bracing Lebanon range, by the balmy Syrian Desert on the east, and the scorching Arabian on the south. These surroundings secure just the seclusion for the forthcoming nation that its peculiar character and mission require, while it is proximate to the great nations, Egypt, Phœnicia, Assyria, Greece, and Rome. It has a soil celebrated by classic as well as sacred writers for its fertility, and is capable of great density of population.

To this land, "where the human soul," says Napoleon, "throbs more powerfully than anywhere else," the patriarch was led as an exile by the hand of God. Here, in this one man and this most rigid particularism, begins the *Ἐκκλησία*—the Church of God. He stands as free as possible from the old idolism. Yet the separation looks forward to a future union with the nations from which the chosen one here

takes his leave. Abraham shall be made great, not simply because he is true and good, but chiefly that in him all the nations of the earth may be blessed.

This announcement explains the object of the eclecticism here introduced. It is as it were the letting drop the other tangled threads of history, to draw out this one and weave it into a best robe for the prodigal but to be restored humanity.

And in the words, "I will curse him that curseth thee," is the seed of the theocracy, the special God-government which was through Hebrew history and makes it so visibly and emphatically providential. It was not for the patriarch to avenge his wrongs however great. That is the prerogative of the sovereign Ruler and Defender. Abraham is now a representative person. The future development of a redemptive plan in the form of an organized Church is to start with him, and whatever opposes or obstructs that must in the end give way. This declaration, "I will curse him that curseth thee," is a fore glimpse of the fate of the nations that shall wrong and oppress the chosen people.

When in his Western journey this notable emigrant reached Sichem in the plain of Moreh, the center of the allotted domain, God said to him, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." This is the title to the country and its first occupancy by the chosen people in the person of their distinguished representative and pilgrim father. And although he takes possession only by virtue of a promise to his seed, while as yet he has no seed, his first act is to build an altar in the midst of idolaters, and consecrate the possession to the one living and true God, who had donated it.

But he has hardly arrived before a famine brings him into contact with the luxury and polytheism of Egypt. In its Titan monuments and its embryo arts it had a kind of barbaric civilization, and it became successively the patron, the tempter, and the oppressor of the Church-family. From its proximity to this family, we never after lose sight of it in history.

A strife among the herdsmen occasioned a separation between the noble uncle and the ignoble nephew, in which the admirable magnanimity of the former is placed in strong contrast with the mean and mercenary selfishness of the latter. "Is not the whole land before thee? If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

What a treaty of peace is this! And how

worthy of imitation by princes and presidents! Yet how unlike this is the usual procedure! War, cruel, thundering war, is the common argument of the stronger with the weaker, in the settlement of international difficulties. "Give us 54° 40' as a boundary," says America to England, "or we will fight," and to Mexico, "the Rio Grande, or we will fight." "Give me Luxemburg," says France to Prussia, "or there will be a war." "Take an inch," says Prussia, "and there will be war."

But this Abraham was an old-fashioned diplomat, some say, "a semi-barbarian." He lived far back in the night-time of the world, while we live in the nineteenth century, in the scientific, illuminated, and Christian age. If Abraham, however, be the exponent of the former times, and we of the later, in this matter of settling boundaries, it is the latter that is the dark and barbarous age, and the former that is the enlightened and Christian. We are the savages, and the patriarchs are the civilized. Abraham is the elder, yet he condescends; he is the stronger, yet he submits. And not at all from cowardice, but from foresight and benevolence. He knew that peace was better than landed estates—a smaller territory with the smile of Heaven, than a large one with the envy and ill-will of an offended kinsman or neighbor.

Lot pitched his tent toward the idolatrous Sodomites in the fertile vale of Siddim. Falling thus in the way of the retributive providence that comes upon his sensual neighbors, he is carried away captive by the victorious Chedorlaomer. His princely uncle hearing of his captivity, followed the victors with his trained bands, and by fleetness and skillful generalship, retakes him and brings back with him "all the goods, and the women also, and the people." Nor does he make the vanquished pay the expenses of the war as a condition of peace. And of the spoils, in his military magnanimity, he would "not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet."

But the selfish and sensuous Lot, too feeble to hold a place near the center of sacred history, slides into the outer circles and is finally lost in the barbarous tribes of Moab and Ammon.

This brilliant victory gave to the noble patriarch a prestige in the land as a heroic patron and protector, as a man that was blessed, and had also begun to be a blessing.

In his long waiting for the promised son, Abraham was led by his impatient and inventive wife to an infraction of the primal law of marriage, which proved a disturbance of his family peace and a bitter grief. But this delay

of Providence was a wise and needful discipline. Untempted virtue can not know either its weakness or its strength. Integrity maintained at the expense of sore trial gains solidity and dignity. He who in all time is to hold pre-eminence in the Church as the father of the faithful, and in a dispensation where faith is the main restorative virtue, must, therefore, hold a tried pre-eminence. In all model characters, history takes time and trial in bringing them to perfection. And it is not till this representative Church-father is a hundred years old that Isaac is given to Sarah.

Just before the birth of this promised heir, the covenant which had previously been implicit, is made explicit and secure by a seal. In order to define more clearly the relation of the movement to the Supreme Ruler, the Church idea takes organic form in certain specific provisions and promises revealed in the seventeenth chapter of Genesis.

"I am the Almighty God; walk before me and be thou perfect." This is the sublime monotheistic preface of this covenant, God's sovereignty and man's loyalty. These are the two great constitutional principles emphasized in the teachings of this Abrahamic history.

"Behold my covenant is with thee; and thou shalt be a father of many nations." It had already been announced to Abraham that God would make of him a great nation. But here this paternity is extended to many nations. And his name is changed from high father to the father of multitudes. This is the first part of the covenant. And in the peculiar relation of the Jewish to the Gentile world here intimated, it is the germ of the following Church development.

"I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee." This, the second article of the covenant, defines the relation between God and those whom he so often calls his people. While he is the God of the whole earth, between himself and this covenant family there is a peculiar relation which makes an important part of sacred history, and which looks through this family to all the nations which, in the lineage of faith, are to become his seed.

In the third provision God says, "I will give unto thee and to thy seed after thee the land wherein thou art a stranger; all the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession." This grant of the Holy Land to the chosen people concludes the three fundamental elements of Church organization. And for a seal of the

visible Church, and to keep them in perpetual remembrance, the rite of circumcision was introduced. Here, then, is God's covenant with the Church in the person of this father of the faithful.

Thus first appears the Church as a visible and organic whole, of all the divine institutions, the most important and influential for good. In some respects it is a development or growth; in others, it is specially providential and positive. As a result of the unfolding divine plan, and in the tendencies of certain principles and forces, it may be called a growth. But in regard to the purpose in which it had its origin and its efficiency as a means to the great end, it is special and supernatural.

Glance at the sweep of these principles now combined in this Church form.

First. The idea of a suffering, but finally conquering seed of the woman, as presented in the first promise, is the Gospel of the Old Testament as well as of the New.

Secondly, stands a practical faith in this promise, illustrated in Abel, Noah, and Abraham, and that is efficacious in all true believers.

Thirdly, comes a sacramental confession of guilt, uttered in the bleeding victim upon the altar, and a divine covenant-pledge of pardon and protection to the penitent. This is the patriarch's creed. It is simple and primitive. It is comprehensive and most vital.

These principles are fundamental in the redemptive plan of Providence. And because they are so, they are found at the very beginning of recuperative history. And because they are radically restorative, they must have originated in the Divine purpose. They are none of them indigenous to the barren soil of a fallen humanity. Reason would never have suggested such means of a moral recovery, and at the beginning could neither have foreseen their need or their use.

In this inauguration of the Church movement, there was an obvious necessity for the eclecticism which characterizes it. The old evils and apostasy which had become general and chronic in idolatry, were to be wholly avoided. Abraham, the only monotheist, is thence required to leave his native land and his kindred. Even his old father, who was an idolater, was not permitted to accompany him. He was also led out, childless, that no germ of heathenism might be carried with him. And it was not till after twenty-five years of pilgrim discipline that the promised son was given, in whom the Church plan was to be combined.

Lot, who accompanied the patriarch, was an incongruous appendage, and falls out of the his-

tory during the preliminary movements. Only Sarah, the daughter of Haran, her husband's eldest brother, is associated with this covenant father in instituting the new movement. In this rigid separation, the unfolding plan which commenced in Abel takes a fresh start under new and more favorable conditions. All the scattered elements of historic progress, and of essential Church action, are here brought into organic form for a further and more direct on-movement. All fundamental ideas of the Church are traceable, historically, to this organization. In every correct definition of it, we find these, and only these three original principles. The Gospel, the promise of the seed of the woman as the Savior, is the objective element and the great glad tidings. Faith, or the restored harmony of the soul with God, which appeared in the first martyr, is the subjective element. And, lastly, comes the sacramental sign, or pledge of recovering love, in the rite of sacrifice. These covenant provisions are sealed by a rite singularly expressive of the inability of fallen humanity to produce that sinless seed—the foretold deliverer—who is the central idea of the Church in all dispensations. It looks directly to the supernatural, in his incarnation, as conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of a virgin.

There is a peculiar depth of meaning also in this sign and seal. It recognizes unconscious infants as partakers of human destiny, and as objects of the divine care and Church training. It indicates that God, by the covenant, takes hold of human life provisionally at the very beginning; that, so far as possible, the evil it meets may be forestalled. It takes the immortal germ into the earliest and most sacred custody. It would guide its first developments, and secure for it the regenerative power almost at its starting-point.

How improbable that such a rite, taking up into itself such profound principles of our nature, and holding such a fundamental relation to the Church and humanity, should, as some affirm, spring up from mere heathen wisdom! How repugnant to the reason of the rationalist, and offensive to the refined taste of the mere naturalist, has it ever been held! Yet when the commandment came, this man of faith, in the highest reason and the purest nature, renders implicit obedience.

But how does the combination of these elements answer to the accredited idea of the Church as one of the chief institutes of history and of human progress? There are two general theories and two definitions framed to suit them. One is the Romish, the other the Protestant. By the former, "The Church is the

congregation of all faithful Christians who have been baptized, and who believe and confess the faith of Christ our Lord, and who acknowledge the Pope as the vicar of Christ on earth."

In the Protestant conception the Church is the body of believers to whom the Gospel is preached, and the sacraments duly administered. The Romish idea is essentially restrictive and exclusive. It limits the Church to less than half the period of Church history. It excludes all who do not acknowledge the Pope as Christ's vicar and head of the Church. It claims to be the holy, apostolic, Roman Catholic Church. But what is merely Roman can not be universal. It is redundant as well as exclusive, by making the Papacy, with its supremacy and infallibility, essential to the Church state, while, for two thousand years of its elemental operation, from Adam to Abraham, and two thousand more of its organic existence, from Abraham to Christ, and for at least four hundred years after, the Papacy had no existence either in fact or theory, and scarcely in thought.

The Protestant definition is true not only to the idea of the Church, but to its whole history. It is Catholic, for it comprehends all believers as the covenant seed in all dispensations and ages, and in every branch of the Church. It is one, because it is a single historical and spiritual organism. All in it are members of the one body, and are united by a common faith in a common doctrine to Christ, the only head and common deliverer. As an assembly of the divinely called, as was Abraham, it is *ἐκκλησία*, the Church. As a spiritual organism it is *Σώμα*, a body, with many members. It is also *ἰασηλεια*, a divine kingdom, in which unity and catholicity are connected with the rule and sole lordship of Christ.

This idea of the Church is both comprehensive and specific. It includes the whole historic period, and explains all the facts. It takes in the Old Testament as well as the New, and shows that the New is only the continuity, renewal, and expansion of the Old. In both Testaments there is but one Church, whose first and fundamental element, the seed of the woman, was announced in Eden as the germ that makes the one Church as essentially Christian in the earlier as in the later developments. This unity brings Abel and Noah, Abraham and Moses, into the one vast fellowship of believers, with Paul and John, with the martyrs and reformers, with the true of every name and age who hold to the Head, down to the last born of earth's multitudinous population. With a moral organism that so carefully incorporates the recuperative forces against the chronic ac-

cumulating evils of the world, the history moves on in the production of the chosen people, and toward the possession of the promised land.

But for this patriarch there is yet a severer trial. A voice from heaven bids him offer as a sacrifice unto the Lord this long-expected son. What a voice to sound in a father's ear!—"thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest." Every human instinct rebels, yet he does not hesitate. Reason protests against the deed as horrible, but he yields to a higher than human reason. His yearning parental affections all cry, no; but his profound faith in God sublimely answers, yes. Obedience will cut off the long-awaited-for son of the promise, but he does not stagger at the command. The covenant may fail of fulfillment; that, he feels, is God's concern and not his. He who works miracles can never be straitened for means. The whole world-wide recovering plan hangs on the life of this son, yet with an equal faith in the command, in the promise, and in the accomplishment of the plan, he unhesitatingly decides on the sacrifice, and proceeds to the appointed mount.

Thus is demonstrated at this early period the entire adequacy of the restorative power in the Church to bring back the human will into the most perfect harmony with the divine. When the trial was complete, and the result made sure, when the finite human father stood before the world in the grandeur of a perfect faith in the wisdom of the infinite divine Father, the order was revoked. Its object in the submission of the natural to the supernatural had been accomplished. Then substitution comes in, the ram is sacrificed, and the beloved son, thus consecrated by the paternal faith, is given back as from the dead, to the paternal affection. This simple act of faith gives to the patriarch, as a purely historic personage, a sublimer character, a more enviable renown, and a more auspicious bearing on the problems of providence than the Alexanders, the Cæsars, or the Napoleons have attained or can ever attain. They sought to conquer the world, and failed; he to conquer himself, a far nobler work, and succeeded. Bunsen calls Abraham the Hebrew Zoroaster. But he was wiser than Zoroaster; he was a better moralist than Confucius, and a truer philosopher than Socrates or Plato.

This scene on Mt. Moriah brings more fully to light the principle of substitution in the restorative plans of Providence as a moral equation, as a mediating power in the mingling of justice and mercy. It is the central idea of sacrifice. The life of the guiltless animal, by express arrangement, comes in as a substitution

for that of guilty men. The Bible calls this expiation, because it brings a remission of penalty to the guilty. It speaks of it as atonement, the re-harmonization or at-one-ment of the righteous sovereign and the revolted subjects. It is called propitiation as the way in which it pleases God to show to the world his redeeming love. And why should he not be pleased with it? It is all his own device, and is leading to results which will be infinitely satisfactory to him, and to all reasonable beings.

WOMAN AND WORK.

WILL the much-vexed question of woman's relation to work ever be settled? One becomes weary of the clamor, the groundless complaints, unwise endeavors and struggle for political power, of which we hear so much of late from certain self-styled reformers, whose pleasure it seems to be to create discontent in woman and antagonism between her and man. While encouraging in woman the vain ambition for place and power that has wrought incalculable misery in the masculine world, these women are, by their false teachings, making home and its duties distasteful and irksome, and in many ways are doing a vast amount of mischief; the while gathering for themselves the craved reward—notoriety.

It is a pity that they do not set themselves to work in some practical way to better the condition of the "working classes," instead of parading themselves before the public with their sickly, sentimental, sophistical, and delusive utterances—so-called "lectures"—which are really doing harm to those whom they profess to wish to benefit. There are many ways in which their energies might be turned to good account.

That there are evils connected with the condition of women obliged to earn their living can not be denied. But what are they? How can they be remedied? Who is to remedy them? The true answer to these questions will prove an aid to the "emancipation of woman."

The fact that a woman must work, may or may not be an evil. That depends upon what she does, and how she does it. Most women toil in some way or other, the rich often as severely as the poor. Not to make money, it is true; but in spending it they exhibit a degree of energy and persevering industry which all working women would do well to imitate.

One of the difficulties in the way of the working woman's success lies in the public

sentiment which makes it not respectable for a woman to earn money. This prejudice is stronger in women than in men. A woman may do many things to *save* money, without compromising her social position. She may, for instance, in our smaller towns, do her own house-work. She may even, *as a favor*, occasionally do the same service for a neighbor. But let her do this, or any kind of work, *for money*, and she is instantly tried and the verdict "no lady" is quickly pronounced by a jury, who would be puzzled in attempting to say why, in the one case, she should be socially respectable and in the other not so!

There are women, wives of rich men, in our country towns and villages, who would not hesitate to do the coarsest of work, even to the cleaning of their own pavements, while looking with contempt upon the women who teach their children—a work for which they are utterly incompetent themselves, and so far above the low drudgery they even pride themselves on doing—and simply because the teacher receives money for her labor. Saving the money earned by her husband, it may be in some disreputable business, while scorning the far nobler efforts of the other to earn an honest support in a most useful and honorable way! One mystery about this absurd prejudice is, that nowhere is it stronger than among Fifth-avenue parvenues, quondam tailoresses, milliners, and wash-women.

It is not strange that women shrink from social ostracism, and to avoid, in some measure, the odium which falsely attaches to labor, should seek to do that which will keep them as little as possible removed from the pale of what they consider "good society." Hence the crowds of applicants for any vacancy occurring in the various departments of teaching, music, and other of the "genteel" kinds of work.

This groundless and contemptible prejudice will continue to exist until women of culture and wealth shall rebuke and remove it. This they can do in two ways; by making refinement, intelligence, and moral worth the test of social position; the other, by themselves engaging in remunerative work. But women, obliged to support themselves, must bravely face this false public sentiment and rise superior to it.

Another difficulty lies in women's aversion to the work for which they are competent, and which every-where—in our country at least—is waiting for them to do. From every direction comes the cry for skilled labor in every department of house-work, including sewing and the nursing of children. For good nurses for the sick, the call is also imperative and general.

Every-where, in town and country, mothers and housekeepers, who would thankfully pay liberally for competent labor, are overtaxed and burdened because of the impossibility of obtaining such help; while multitudes of women, well-fitted to work in these ways, are idle, or worse than idle, because through false pride or indolence they have turned from that which they can do, and have struggled in vain to procure the work and places for which they have not been trained, and which are already overcrowded.

And this brings us to another obstacle in the way of the working-woman's success—the want of suitable preparation for work. Women seem to have an idea that thoroughness, exactness, promptness, and punctuality are not to be required of them. They fall back upon their sex as a sufficient reason why these qualifications, so essential to success in men, should not be expected of them. At the same time they demand that "new avenues" shall be opened to them; and because the places for which men have properly prepared themselves are refused them, they complain of injustice. And because they can not obtain for their unskilled labor the wages which man's skill can command, they fancy themselves defrauded and oppressed!

Women generally commence any work as an experiment, with the idea that if they do not succeed they can try something else, often with the hope that marriage or some good fortune will relieve them from the necessity of doing it at all. Men thoroughly prepare themselves for their work, with the knowledge that they must do it, and do it well too, if they would successfully compete with men. In every department of male labor skillful work may be obtained. For this reason women themselves generally prefer employing men to do some kinds of work that could be done with equal skill by women if they were prepared so to do it.

There are difficulties in the way of thorough preparation, is it said? Certainly there are; often grave ones, requiring great courage and perseverance. But does it require less bravery and patience to become a doctress than a dress-maker or housekeeper? One would suppose that if women can meet and overcome ordinary obstacles, with the added one of facing the male professors and students in a "clinical course," that any difficulties in the course of preparation for other work might be overcome. Do women preachers, lawyers, and brokers find the pathway to their professions rose-covered?

• The cry against man as a tyrant and oppressor, so often heard of late, indicates weakness and ignorance in woman. If those who

utter it would quietly and patiently prepare themselves thoroughly for the work for which they are capable, and then do it, as Harriet Hosmer, Rosa Bonheur, Maria Mitchell, Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, and many others have done, they would find no difficulty in obtaining from men an acknowledgment of merit, nor in reaping a just pecuniary reward, as these women are doing. There is "plenty of room in the upper stories," Daniel Webster once said to a young man, who inquired if there was a place for him in the legal profession. But because the stair-way leading to those heights is tedious and sometimes difficult of ascent, let no one who has not made even the effort to climb it, stand at the foot and complain that the upper doors are closed against her. It is only by patient toil that man rises to high position, and there is no easier way for woman. This may be a hard saying, but it is an inexorable law.

The celebrated William Wirt once declared to young men, "There is no excellence in any field of effort without great labor." This is true for young women also. There is no "royal road" to the success which awaits only the patient toiler, whether man or woman.

The advocates of women's rights propose the ballot as the sure and only way of settling this problem of woman's relation to work. According to them, it is to be the panacea for most of the ills that woman is heir to. Once in possession of it, not only poverty, but intemperance, ignorance, and impurity are to vanish from the land. Enfranchised from the "slavery of marriage," with its "petty" maternal and home cares, and released from a "superstitious" belief in the Bible, which inculcates these duties, unincumbered by obligations either human or divine, she is to be left free to march into our legislative halls to purify and ennoble politics!

Fortunately these noisy aspirants for political power are constantly furnishing the gravest and most powerful arguments against the cause they loudly and zealously defend. Witness the divisions, jealousies, and artful maneuvering, and listen to the vituperation, and bitter warfare in their own camp! Imagine all this on a larger scale, and we have a more hideous picture even than the masculine political world presents.

To illustrate the elevating tendency of the ballot, they do not point us to the Sixth-ward style of politician to be found in all of our cities; nor do they tell us why, if the ballot has not made man temperate, pure, intelligent, and rich, it should make woman so. Neither

do they recite for the conversion of unbelievers, that little bit of New Jersey history, which tells how women for a few times, at the beginning of this century, exercised the ballot in that State. Mr. Whitehead, in describing one of those occasions, tells us that they voted, "not only once, but as often as by change of dress, or complicity of the inspectors, they might be able to repeat the process." We are also informed that, in their zeal to purify politics, "the hair flew," etc. Patriotism was found to have so very elevating an effect upon them that the Legislature, at its next session, repealed the "right," which it had unwisely granted at the solicitation of a Quaker gentleman. It is to be hoped that the experiment will never be repeated.

No, the cure for woman's wrongs does not lie in the ballot, but in herself. Until she shall bravely meet and conquer the absurd prejudice against labor, and resolutely take hold of the work she can do, or conscientiously prepare herself for other, there is little hope for any amelioration of her condition.

Nothing is more certain than that skilled labor is every-where needed, and that it must command its just equivalent.

It would be well if women would realize that an enlargement of their sphere is not so much to be desired as the thorough cultivation of that now occupied by them, and appropriately their own.

Finally, woman must be her own emancipator. "Who would be free, *herself* must strike the blow." But let her see to it that she attacks and conquers her *real* enemy.

"LOST."

A TRUE HIGHLAND STORY.

CHAPTER I.

PICTURE to yourself a Highland glen at sunset; the stern grandeur of the rugged hills softened and enriched by the uniting of the last rays of the sun with the twilight—every thing so suggestive of peace and rest that it was difficult to imagine the same glen under the aspect of storm and tempest.

At the entrance of the glen stands a little knot of rough rustic cottages—tiny homes, the occupiers of which are very small farmers and shepherds, who are content to live and pass their lives, and bring up their families after them, in the "auld house" under the shadow of the hills, without a wish or care to see the big world beyond them.

Now and then a son will go to sea, and an-

other to America, because the produce of the land is not sufficient to sustain them. The daughters, barefooted and strong, look after the cows, dig the potatoes, reap the corn and barley, and in the Winter spin their plaids, blankets, and petticoats.

I suppose every one knows, or has a good idea of, the appearance of a Highland lassie—a girl who has no notion of a great "toon"—a barefooted girl, who has trod the heather all her days—a rustic girl, whose clear eyes have seen but the simple life among the hills, and who has gone at "gloaming" every day to fetch the "kye hame."

In the little village of Inverdoon there was not a braver lass than Katie M'Kelvie, not an eye so blue, not one with such raven black hair. Tall and noble in form and feature, and with the wonderful natural grace of every movement which characterizes her race, though she walked like a queen, she would give you the bonniest smile you would meet from the Tay to the borders, and show the whitest, most even teeth you could find anywhere. Her father, Guy M'Kelvie, was, perhaps, the most well-to-do farmer in the little village, and of her three brothers, Peter, the eldest, was at sea; John, the second, at work in the "big toon," fifteen miles away; while Donald, the youngest, trod the hills in his father's steps. Many a weary Summer's day and drear Winter's evening had the boy passed in herding the sheep among the heather, while his sturdy form had hardened to the weather, and strong manhood had come in the place of the sturdy boy.

The M'Kelvies were a long-lived race. Guy's grandfather, Gavin, had lived to see his hundred and third year, nor was he the only M'Kelvie who had done that. The present generation promised health and vigorous strength for almost as ripe an old age. Guy could spring a burn and climb a mountain with the youngest of them.

In the Highland athletic sports, to which Guy and his sturdy sons crossed the hill once a year, it was just as likely Guy should beat his sons, as that his sons should beat him; the time was yet far off when the wear of years should lay their mark on Guy M'Kelvie.

And "our Katie," as they loved to call her, the youngest child, and only girl, the bravest lass in Inverdoon, as well as the most warm-hearted and brave-spirited—nothing came amiss to her, and few were the things to which she could not turn her hand, from rowing a boat across the loch, to spinning and knitting.

Not a hand was there in the village that would not have worked for her, not a foot but

would have gone many a mile to serve her, not an eye but had a kind look for her, and not a voice but spoke in her praise.

And now I bring an old loved scene to my eye, and ask you to picture the sight of a Highland glen at sunset; a little knot of cottages standing at the entrance of it, and Katie M'Kelvie leaning back in the doorway of her father's cottage. She wears her short homespun petticoat, loose jacket turned up above the elbows, and bare feet, her magnificent black hair coiled round her head, a large white sun-bonnet round her handsome brown and rosy face. She gives her hand one more wave, and still leans back watching. She has been taking the last glimpse of her Neal, the last she will see of him for many a day. Neal is away to Canada to make "siller" for Katie, and Katie is to bide him leal and true.

Never fear, Neal; you may work your way in the far-off country with a light and easy heart; you may work and wait as she will work and wait; but through every thing Katie M'Kelvie will bide leal and true.

It was a sorrowful day and a sore parting, though; and with a heavy, heavy heart Katie went for her cows in the falling of the dusk.

The cows were waiting together and watching for her, listening for her Gaelic call. No call to-night; silently the bars of the gate were let down, and quickly the cows passed through and betook themselves to their homeward path, silently followed by Katie with the "bit switch" in her hand.

The milking through, and the milk safely in the pans, Katie entered the kitchen to her supper.

The kitchen was small, and paved with large red flags in a very rough way, making the floor go up and down hill. There were also several good-sized holes in the flooring, where pieces of the sandstone had been broken away. The fire-place was large, with seats on each side of the fire, half in the chimney, all exceedingly white with hearth-stone. The mantel-shelf was very high and narrow, and graced with a medley of small things, particularly a snuffers-tray and snuffers. Over the fire hung a black chain and pot, which could be swung round with ease over the fire. Along the beams in the roof appeared many paper parcels, filled with all kinds of things, and also hams, cheeses, and onions hanging from the rafters. The usual two beds were there, and the great "kist" which appears in every Highland—and also German—cottage. The table was round, small, and rickety, and the chairs, of every shape, cut by Guy's own hand.

The small family were gathered round the table, Guy with his boy on one side and his girl

on the other. They betook themselves, after the Gaelic blessing, to their supper of potatoes and herrings, which Mistress M'Kelvie, or "the wife" as Guy called her, supplied from the black pot.

"Ay, lassie! Neal's ga'n awa an' left us," said Guy.

"Ay, fayther, but he'll be coming back till us."

"Katie, ye'll jist hae to get yeresel anither joe," began Donald.

"Deed, an' it's no our Katie that'll do that," said the wife; "our Katie will aye be true to Neal; but gin she wanted anither joe, she could jist get her pick o' them. There's Sandy, an' Archie, an' James, an' even auld Willie M'Kie, wad all be delighted to get our Katie."

"James Fullarton's an evil man, and steer you clear o' him an' a' his ways, Katie," continued Guy.

"Nae fears, fayther," replied Katie; "there's not one o' them I care to see again, an' not a man I care to speak to in Inverdoon, since Neal's awa."

Well Inverdoon knew of Neal Stuart's departure, and of Katie's promise to bide him leal and true; but several hailed his absence with delight, for now Katie would have time to give others a word, and rejected suitors again began to follow her steps, and wait by the burn-side for her to pass with her cows.

Archie M'Dougal was, perhaps, the most favored of this tribe, and Katie's oldest friend. The two had been companions and playmates all their days, when each had been "first" with the other, and no care had ever crossed Archie, until the new-comer among them, Neal Stuart, gained Katie's love, and Archie, perfectly stunned, awoke to the fact that she was to be married to Neal, when Neal should "hae the siller."

And then, for the first time, did Archie find how dear she was to him; and now that he was away, he again began to follow her steps like a dog. Katie could not but see, and pity her old playmate from the bottom of her heart. As for Sandy, James, and old Willie, the miller, they were all objects of indifference to her.

James Fullarton, the baker, was the greatest trouble to her, as her father had warned her he would be; and in consequence of his rough courtship and bad behavior, she grew to detest him. Strange to say, the more she repulsed him, the more he followed her.

And so the Summer days, after Neal's departure, passed; Katie was busy from morning to night with her farm duties, and a letter from Neal had come, announcing his safe arrival in Canada. This precious letter, which had cost

Katie so many hours of reading and spelling, had been at length mastered and learned by heart, and was carried by a ribbon round Katie's neck. A letter, which had taken we are afraid to say how long in composition, was to be sent all the way back to Canada, telling of how his letter had arrived, and that though the Summer days were passing and Winter coming, all was Winter alike to her, for he was away, and she was wearying for him.

This letter was too important to be sent to the village post at Inverdoon, for well the villagers knew of many a letter kept back, particularly over the Sabbath, so that the post-mistress might get a good sight of them, and of many a letter delivered with a suspicious seal.

Katie's precious letter, going all the way to Neal, should not be turned over and examined by the village gossips; so Katie, taking her shoes in her hand, and her letter in her pocket, trudged over the hills, fifteen miles each way, to the "big toon," where John was at work, where she posted her letter; and, without a thought of fatigue, took the road to the hills again, and reached the farm in time to bring the cows home.

Archie was waiting by the burn-side for her, and accosted her with, "Where hae ye been, Katie?"

"I've been ower the hill to the toon."

"I ken fine that ye've been to post a letter to your joe, Neal."

"Weel, and if I have!"

"O, Katie, he'll be forgetting ye, awa ower the sea, and ye maun forget him too."

"Forget Neal! is that all ye ken o' me? Gin Neal were in his grave, I'd no' forget him."

"Is this you, Katie M'Kelvie and Archie M'Dougal?" said a new voice near them—the voice of James Fullarton, who had also been awaiting Katie; "deed, Katie, an' ye've been quick in forgetting the one joe and getting anither."

"Gang ye're ways, James, and dinna be speaking ill o' other folk."

"I ken, Katie, ye hae been ower the hills to post a letter to Neal, but I'm thinking it's time ith'er folk sent to tell him ye've gotten a new joe."

"James, ye're a bad man; ye ken weel enow I've no forgotten and never will forget Neal. Gang ye're ways, baith o' ye—I want nane o' ye; I'm goan for the kye." And the tall, grand-looking girl stepped away over the heather, leaving the two men facing each other.

Soon her Gaelic call to the cows was heard, ringing, sweet, and clear; and with a dark look at each other, the two men separated, leaving the path clear for Katie.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



MOTHERHOOD.

MOTHER, mother, bend above her,
 Clasp her to thy heart—
 Clasp and kiss, and fold, and love her,
 For she is a part
 Of thee, whate'er thou art.

Mother, mother, let no sorrows
 Shade the joys that seem ;
 Let no thoughts of black to-morrows
 Mingle with the gleam
 Of her young life and dream.

Mother, let thy faith be surer,
 Holier, undefiled ;
 Let thy life be grander, purer,
 For this little child,
 Who smiles as Jesus smiled.

Lo ! the heavens break in beauty ;
 Catch the light that falls—
 Wrap it round thee, as a duty,
 Like a rampart's walls,
 Till the trumpet calls.

CITY WINDOWS.

"I dwell amid the city,
And hear the flow of souls."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I sit by my window at morning tide
And watch the streams as they onward glide,
The living, breathing, hurrying streams,
Like the changing faces we see in dreams;
Each on its separate goal intent,
Yet mixed in the great bewilderment,
Like the tangled threads in a silken skein,
With separate links of joy and pain.

Out from the warm heart's sacred joys,
To the busy day with its heat and noise;
Out from the homes where Love beguiles,
To battle with trade, and its snares, and wiles;
To rush along with life's wild throng,
And gather the spoils that to each belong,
Yet folding deep in each heart the while
The evening kiss and the welcoming smile.

. . . I sit and list in the noontide heat
To the outside noises of hurrying feet;
And I take a peep in one manly breast,
And read the poem that makes him blest.
For in every soul is a hidden cell
Where we hide the jewel we love too well
To flash abroad in the garish light,
But which shines by the dear hearth-stone at night.

And all the worry and all the toil,
The turbulent street with its dust and moil,
The rough, harsh oaths of the bustling throng,
And the darkened pictures that there belong,
Are clothed upon with a softened veil
Which hides the sin and the serpent's trail.
For Love flings a mantle of charity
On all who are not so blest as he.

And the toil goes on, but the toil is sweet;
And the time rolls on, but the days are fleet;
And the blossoms of Love and Hope arise
To lift his spirit toward the skies,
While his angel sits in her easy chair,
And weaves in her stitches her loving care
For the strong, and noble, and manly breast
Where she finds her trust, her hope, her rest.

. . . I look again, and a pale, thin form
Is struggling onward amid the storm!
Out from a home of woe and want,
In the biting cold with her raiment scant;
Searching, searching, the city through,
For work for her weary hands to do;
And seeking, and seeking still in vain,
Through the cold, and sleet, and the beating rain!

Ah, Father, Father in heaven above!
Why hast thou shortened thine arm of love?
Why must she suffer and starve to-day,
While thousands revel their lives away?
Why hast thou taken her shield of strength,
And left so many to roll their length
In softened luxury—looking down
On her nobler nature with taunt and frown?

For she is as true, and pure, and good
As thy far-off angel sisterhood,
Who never were tempted, and starved, and scorned
By "coofs" in their ermine robes adorned.
Ah, little ye know, you ladies fair,
With your silken robes and your golden hair,
But this tortured woman has graced a hall
As grand as any among you all.

. . . I look and listen at evening time,
When vespers are pealing their welcome chime—
When hearts beat loudly at Love's advance,
And bright eyes answer to Love's dear glance—
When gathering 'round the evening board,
Where plenty's bubbling cup is poured,
The joyous and happy too oft forget
That sorrow and sin are anear them yet.

I look at eve, and a funeral train
Is passing my window, so scant and plain!
No ebon hearse with its nodding plumes;
No silver lighting the coffin glooms;
No mourning carriages glide along
To swell death's pompous and lordly throng;
No black scarfs floating behind in pride
To say "'T is a daughter of wealth who died!"

But a plain, black wagon, a box of pine
Incasing a form as pure as thine,
Thou daughter of aristocracy,
Who must yield to the conquering King, you see.
O pitiful, pitiful human pride!
Does it matter to you for this last, last ride,
Whether it be on a satin bed
Or a pillow of shavings for your head?

Ah Death, the leveler, Death the King!
How he laughs to see what a weak, weak thing
Is the vanity born of human life,
And nurtured amid its daily strife.
He smites a queen and her cheek turns pale;
He smites a peasant girl in the vale;
And, stripped of the trappings of wheel and loom,
Which would you choose for the marble tomb?

I turn me humbly aside to greet
The love which maketh my fireside sweet;
And I thank my God, as I close the door,
That I am not rich, that I am not poor!
And I pray that the Angel of Charity
May veil the sinfulest form I see;
And if I be rich, or if I be poor,
That the angel of Love may guard my door.

THE PAST.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread;
When mortals sleep, when specters rise,
And none are wakeful but the dead;
No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views—
Visions of long-departed joys.

HOW STEPHEN BAGLEY BECAME A DRUNKARD.

I.

THERE are some things that women do not understand, and some of these are the things most useful for them to understand. They ought to understand how to make home happy. A woman who presides over a home ought to understand what is for the best interest of the members of that home. She should know how to wield all those little influences, not little counted by results, that suppress evil tendencies in them, that bring forward what is noble and true.

How often I have seen a husband, a son, or daughter, fall to ruin because these things were not understood! I have many such cases in my mind's eye. I will take one related to me by Mary Alison.

Stephen Bagley was a young man of sober, industrious habits. He was a mechanic, but an intelligent one. He spent most of his leisure hours, his evenings, at home reading. He read useful books as well as light literature. He was a fine, manly looking fellow, and he had fine tastes—not only a fine taste in literature, but in his dress and all his belongings. His widowed mother kept his house, and gratified his tastes as far as lay in her power.

They had a neighbor, a Mr. Wilkins. One Summer, it was when Stephen was twenty-four, Mrs. Wilkins had a young niece come to visit her. She was a lively, sparkling girl, full of vivacity and wit. She possessed, in reality, all those jewels and flowers that usually bedeck heroines of romance—diamond eyes, ruby lips, rosy cheeks, lily complexion, besides pearly teeth, and a marble forehead crowned with raven hair.

Well, this young girl, Prudence Benton—how she hated her name!—she was named for an old aunt who was expected to leave her a legacy, but did n't—this young girl, with her material beauty, and her airs and graces, took young Bagley's heart by storm. I am not writing a romance, so I will not follow the course of their love. It ran smooth, and was short. The father of Prudence was a farmer, but he had given her some superior advantages, as they are called, of education. She could play the piano, had a smattering of French, and had studied some 'ologies, but whether she could keep a house remained to be seen.

Stephen's old mother had some misgivings upon this point. Her own health was failing, and she thought of his future comfort with fear. She did not express this fear to her son. Never

a shadow from the future marred the brightness of his wooing days.

They were married, and, after a little trip, according to custom, the bride was installed in her new home. For one year every thing went on very nearly after the old routine. Stephen's mother was able to superintend all the affairs of the house, and with what assistance Prudence afforded, with occasionally a little hired help, things went on very well.

Then a change came. One afternoon there was company, and the old lady was overtaxed. Hemorrhage of the lungs, to which she had been subject, ensued. She lived but three days. Then the reins fell into the hands of the young wife.

About six months after the death of the mother they sent for me to come and spend a month with them. I had been engaged in teaching, but in consequence of a fall I was lamed so that I was unable to walk without the aid of a crutch. So they thought my coming there for a visit of a few weeks would be a mutual benefit; the change would be good for me, and my company would be a pleasure to them, as they were pleased to say.

I had been an acquaintance—I may say friend—of the young wife for many years, though considerably older than herself. I had not been many days in the house before I saw that something was wrong, and I felt that very great evil might result from it, yet I shrank from the duty of pointing it out to my young friend. How could I write myself her friend, yet shrink from, neglect this duty? Yet I did.

I have mentioned that young Bagley had refined tastes. He had refined taste about his food, with regard to the kind of food that he ate, and its preparation. Gross, ill-cooked messes disgusted his palate.

I should mention that, after the death of the mother, a girl of fourteen was installed in the kitchen as help—a girl who had been brought up to tend babies and do chores, but was sublimely ignorant of the mysteries of cooking, yet a portion of the cooking was put into her hands to manage according to her own wild will.

I remember a breakfast that came to table one morning at the time of this visit I speak of. It consisted of beefsteak, coffee, buckwheat-cakes, and stewed apples, a bill of fare that sounds very well, but, alas! there was more than meets the ear in that breakfast. The steak was dry and tough; it had simmered long over slow coals, I knew. The coffee had been burned in the process of roasting, as was evident to eye and taste; no fine aroma greeted the nostrils, no golden-brown was brought out

by the cream, but a grayish mass was developed, as repulsive to the eye as to the taste. The stewed apples were watery and tasteless; but the crowning failure of that morning repast was the buckwheat-cakes. In the first place they were heavy; they would have been so with the most skillful cooking. In the next place, if Phoebe, the girl, had been trying to see how ill she could cook them for a prize, she certainly would have deserved one for her skill and ingenuity. The first plateful she brought in were raw in the middle, and the outside was of the original color of the batter, simply dried.

"Why, Phoebe!" said the mistress, "there's plenty of dry wood. Why did n't you put enough in the stove to heat the griddle? Take out the cakes and save them for the chickens, and see if you can't bake some better."

Her husband gently hinted that perhaps it would be well for her to step out and see to it, but, "No," she said, "Phoebe would never learn to do any thing if she depended on her always;" so we sat and chatted, and sipped our unpalatable coffee, and gnawed a little at the bits of tough steak upon our plates, and O! I had forgotten one item in our bill of fare—the potatoes. In keeping with the rest, they were "soggy" and cold.

Well, in a very short space of time in came Phoebe, bearing another plate of buckwheat-cakes, black this time. The kindlings she had stuffed into the stove had done their work. I saw a look of disappointment, of disgust, pass over the face of the host as Phoebe placed the plate on the table. He said nothing, but glanced over at his wife.

"Why, Phoebe," she said, "these are worse than the others. Can't you bake cakes without having them raw or burnt?"

"Well, I guess it'll be just about right now," said Phoebe. "I got in too many kindles. They've burnt down now."

"Try again," said Phoebe's mistress, without offering to go herself. The result of "try again" came after a while. At the first glance at the plate its contents seemed to be all right. They were not gray like the first mess, or black like the second. They seemed a nice light brown.

"These look better," Stephen said cheerfully, reaching the plate toward me.

I saw plainly that they had been turned more than once on the griddle, which always spoils them. They were dry and curled up at the edges, and looked like crisped leather. When I had succeeded in getting my fork into one, after two or three thrusts, I found they were about as tough and unpalatable. Stephen made some joke about their being unlike the heel of

Achilles, and we gave it up, not the conundrum, but the effort to piece out our breakfast by the buckwheat-cakes, and munched some pieces of dry bread in their stead with our coffee. The breakfast came to an end, and Stephen took his hat and went to his work. Though he tried to pass it all off in a cheerful way, and as if it was a good joke, I could see that he was hurt and disappointed.

There is a certain refreshment to the spirit in the enjoyment of a good meal, aside from its renovating influence upon the body. And food eaten with a relish, and under exhilarating influences, does us more good than if it is unpalatable and accompanied by depressing circumstances. It must be depressing to the spirit of a man to feel that his wife cares so little for his comfort as to allow food to come to the table habitually prepared in such a way as to be distasteful to him. An occasional failure any reasonable man would tolerate. So it is not only the ill-cooked food itself that is injurious to mind and body, but there is the farther depressing influence from the reflection that it comes from neglect and indifference to his happiness, on the part of one whose office it is to minister to it.

Not only do we enjoy well-cooked food more, but it performs its office of repairing the waste of the system better, is more easily assimilated, than food ill prepared. This seems a very simple, palpable fact, but it is one that is too much overlooked in daily practice, so it will bear repeating. Much harm ensues, too, to mind, and body, and morals, from not keeping it in mind.

So Stephen went out with his body insufficiently nourished, his spirit depressed. I felt sad. I feared the result of this state of things should it continue. I feared domestic unhappiness would ensue from this neglect of household duties on the part of my young friend, and it seemed so needless. Her husband's tastes were refined, but simple and easily gratified. I longed to set the case before her in a clear light, but felt reluctant to do so. I went up to my room and thought it over. What is my duty in this matter? "A guest in the house," caution said, "taken in and cared for, and to go to criticising the household arrangements of your hostess!" "But it is not that," I said. "She is young and inexperienced. I have seen much of life. I have seen such unhappiness come from neglect of this kind. If she could only see the matter from my point of view she would change her course at once. But how to make her see it, that was the question. Probably if I should set it before her in the clearest light, her

eyes would not discern it truly. She would regard me as an intermeddler in her concerns, a false alarmist." Then these lines came to me:

"Be thou like the first apostles;
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly, speak it all.
And, if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak, and leave the rest to God."

But I did not fulfill what was plainly my duty in this matter. I postponed it indefinitely, as we do many painful duties, until it is too late.

I spoke of a breakfast, and of the beefsteak that came to table. At dinner we had some of the beef roasted. It was dry and hard. Stephen liked a bit rare. He cut into the heart of it, but could get none. Here was a dinner spoiled as well as a breakfast.

Not many days after, Stephen brought a friend home with him to supper—an acquaintance of some years before who lived in a neighboring State, and had come to the little village on business. Stephen had not time to apprise Prudence of the coming of this guest, for he had met him on his way home to supper, and invited him to come with him. Prudence and I were in the parlor, and he brought him right in there. His name was Nathaniel Evans. He was a lawyer, and very gentlemanly and intelligent.

It happened that Prudence was dressed very becomingly, and looked her prettiest. I was glad of this, as I looked at her, and I saw that Stephen glanced at her with pride as he introduced his friend. Prudence was graceful, and could talk agreeably upon trifles. She never was at a loss for a word to say. So far all was well. I must confess that my mind went forward to the supper with some misgiving, though it would not appear to be any business of mine. I felt uneasy. I wondered how Prudence could sit there so unconcerned, talking, when there were biscuits in the stove for Phœbe to burn, and eggs to be cooked, and ham to be broiled. And Phœbe never could think of but one thing at a time, hardly that.

I felt sure, too, that Stephen was thinking of the same thing. I saw him look at Prudence several times, with an uneasy expression of countenance. Then he got up and took two or three turns up and down the room. He sat down again, then he said, "What time will supper be ready? Mr. Evans and I are going to take a little drive after tea."

"Pretty soon," said Prudence, and then she got up and went out, and presently I heard the dishes rattle in the dining-room. She was setting the table. She was always particular about

that. There was usually a clean cloth, and things were arranged with taste.

I followed, after a few moments, and left the friends together. When I went in and took my seat in the corner by the grate, "What do you think I found when I went in the kitchen?" said Prudence. "Why, that stupid Phœbe had let the fire nearly go out. The biscuits had n't begun to bake, and the tea-water was n't warmed. She's so trying—and Stephen and Mr. Evans in a hurry for supper! I made her put in some dry wood. The things will be ready now in a little while." She had finished setting the table, and she came up to me and said low, "What do you think of Mr. Evans? Isn't he handsome?"

I said I thought he looked very nice and gentlemanly. Then she repeated something he had said to her, and stood there talking five or ten minutes, I should think, with one hand on the mantel, as if there were no such thing as supper in the world.

A smell as of something burnt came to our nostrils; we sniffed simultaneously. Prudence started toward the kitchen door with an exclamation which I will not repeat. I heard a clattering and rattling about the stove for a few moments, some loud tones from the mistress and a whimpering from the maid, and then the door opened and Prudence put in a very red face and said, "What in the world shall I do? That stupid Phœbe has burnt the biscuits to cinders, and there is n't a mouthful of bread in the house."

I thought, "How easily might this have been prevented—this vexation to you and mortification to your husband! The punishment is just, so far as you are concerned." I said, "Are they all burned? Can't you pick out a few of them?" and hobbled to the kitchen door in my anxiety. She brought the pan and we selected three that were eatable.

"How it will look to put three biscuits on the table for four of us!" she said. "What shall I do?"

"If it was my case I should tell them frankly just how it is," I said, "and then you can let the men eat the biscuits and we will wait."

"Perhaps it will be the best way," she said.

I had never seen her look so annoyed at any ill cooking before, and I hoped this experience might work good and make her more careful and thoughtful in future. The ham was burned on the edges when we had done discussing the biscuits. Prudence managed to have the eggs cooked nicely by standing over them and taking them up herself.

Then she went to the parlor and made full

confession, which was the best way under the circumstances after the mischief was done. It would have been better still to have prevented it, and easier.

"I have a raw girl in the kitchen," she said in her free, playful way. "She sometimes brings dishes to table *raw*, that ought to have been cooked. To-night she has reversed the process and *burnt* one of the principal articles we had on our bill of fare for supper, and you gentlemen will have to make the best of it. It is the biscuits that are burned, and, unfortunately, I have not a mouthful of bread in the house, and our village does not boast a baker."

The guest, very politely, expressed himself sorry for her annoyance, but said he did not doubt that they would fare well enough, and he followed his host to the table.

Prudence carried off this mishap so well that she almost made amends for it. Of course her guest supposed it was an "accident of the day," but we—the initiated—knew that mishaps were the normal state of things.

"Now you gentlemen make your supper," Prudence said; "we are going to have something better. We will sip our tea and keep you company."

The tea was excellent that night. It may have been due to its exhilarating power that all seemed in excellent spirits that were spontaneous, and the supper passed off well after all, in spite of the burnt ham and biscuits.

I spent one month with my friends at this time, and such scenes as I have depicted were not unfrequent. When I left I went to a distant part of the State, and did not see them again for more than three years. Then I received an invitation to spend another month with them.

I went. A baby boy had come in the time I had been absent. He was a beautiful child, and I could see that Prudence felt the deepest tenderness and affection for him. She did not neglect her motherly duties; her wifely ones were more neglected than ever—at least her husband's comfort in the matter of his meals. Ill cooking was still the rule, or if things were well cooked, no pains were taken to suit his taste, to gratify his preferences. It seemed as if every meal was a disappointment.

I noticed a great change in Stephen when I first met him on the occasion of this visit. He looked old, and worn, and haggard. It seemed to me he had aged ten years in the last three. He had a listless, dispirited air, as if life had lost its zest for him. I pitied him from my soul. I wondered how she could look upon him and not be moved with some feelings of compassion

and tenderness. But sometimes such changes in our friends are so gradual that we do not notice them when they go on under our eyes.

For me it was an abrupt transition from the Stephen I had known—so genial and cheery, his face brimming over with enjoyment of life—to this one, prematurely old and shrunken, it seemed to me, in frame and spirit. He did not spend his evenings at home with books and talk as had been his wont during his mother's life, and for a while after his marriage.

From this, and some other circumstances, I feared his habits were becoming intemperate. Remarks I heard in the neighborhood confirmed my fears; but yet I spoke no warning word to him or to her.

Prudence used to wonder where he was in the evenings, and sometimes she would ask him where he had been when he came in late, and he would make an evasive answer.

She complained to me one day about this. "Before you came it was worse," she said. "He used to stay away so much and leave me alone in the evening. It's unkind, I think. I used to enjoy so much hearing him read aloud, and now I can't get so much time as I could before on account of baby."

HAWKING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

FALCONRY, the art of flying hawks to take other birds, was formerly held in high esteem in the various countries of Europe. In consequence of the invention of fire-arms, after having been for centuries the delight of kings and nobles, it fell into disuse. The Arabs and other Asiatic nations adhere to it to the present day. This sport may be traced back to a very remote period, for Aristotle, and subsequently Pliny, make mention of it. Falconry was introduced into Europe about the fourth century of our era, and was at its greatest repute in the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance. All the nobility, from the monarch to the lowest courtier, were passionately fond of *hawking*—the name specially applied to it. Sovereigns and noblemen expended princely sums upon it. The gift of a few fine falcons was considered a magnificent present. The kings of France solemnly received twelve falcons every year, which were given to them by the Grand-Master of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. They were intrusted on their voyage to a French knight of the Order, to whom the monarch accorded, under the name of a present, a sum of £3,000, and the expenses of his journey.

Gentlemen, and even ladies, of the Middle Ages, seldom appeared in public without a falcon on their wrists; and this example was fol-

lowed by bishops and abbots—they entered the churches supporting their favorite birds, depositing them on the steps of the altar during



• FIG. I.—HAWKING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

mass. Noblemen on public ceremonies proudly held their falcons in one hand and the hilt of their sword in the other.

Louis XIII was devoted to falconry. Daily he went hawking before going to church; and

his favorite, Albert de Luynes, owed his fortune to his great skill in this science. Charles d'Arcussia of Capri, Lord of Esparron, published, in 1615, a "Treatise on Falconry," in which it is stated that the Baron de la Chastaigneraie,

chief falconer of France under Louis XIII, purchased his office at a cost of fifty thousand crowns. He had the direction of one hundred and forty birds, which required the assistance of a staff of one hundred men for their care.

This kind of sport has almost totally disappeared; a revival of it in England and Germany has taken place, but only with moderate success. For this purpose a society, called the "Hawking Club," meets together every year in a dependency of the royal castle of Loo, under the presidency of the King of the Netherlands, to fly the heron. They take from one to two hundred of these birds in the space of two months; but this is only a feeble resuscitation of an institution which has now practically passed away.

Falcons were formerly divided into birds of the *noble* and *inferior* grades. The former comprehended the gyrfalcon, the falcon, the hobby, the merlin, and the kestrel; the latter, the goshawk and sparrow-hawk. The name of "Goshawk Training" has been given to the art whose special end was the education of these last two birds. As the mode of education varies little for all these birds, which only differ in docility, we shall merely consider one species, that of the falcon, which will serve as a type for all the others, and also as an example of the ancient training.

The falcons destined for training must be captured young. Those that have been providing their own food, and have nearly reached maturity, are taken with a lure, which is generally a pigeon. Young birds which have just left the nest are called "eyases;" when rather more mature, "branchers"—that is to say, birds about three months old, strong enough to hop from branch to branch, but incapable of flying or providing for their own subsistence. The latter are preferable to all others, as they are not so young as to require the care necessary to the "eyas," and are yet not old enough to have become intractable. At a year old it would be nearly useless to attempt their education; they are then called "haggards."

The falcon being naturally wild, violent, and alike insensible to caresses and chastisements, it can only be tamed by privations, such as want of light, sleep, and food, and also by constantly being cared for by the same person. This is the foundation of the method which the falconer practices.

Supposing that a brancher has been caught, its legs are first made fast in the shackles, or "bewits" (Fig. 2), made of straps of supple leather, terminated by bells. Then the falconer, his hand covered with a glove, takes the



FIG. 2—BEWITS.

falcon on his wrist, carries it about night and day, without allowing it rest. If the pupil is intractable, refuses to submit, and tries to use its bill, the tamer plunges its head into cold water, and thus produces stupor in the bird. Afterward the head is covered with a "hood" (Fig. 3), which keeps it in complete darkness. After three days and nights of this treatment, rarely more, the bird becomes, to a certain extent, docile. The falconer then accustoms it to take its food quietly; this is presented in the hand, while at the same time a peculiar noise is made, which it learns to recognize as a call. In the mean time it is carried about in frequented places, so as to familiarize it with strangers, and also with horses and dogs, which are to be at some future time its companions in the chase. When an obstinate bird is dealt with, its appetite is excited, so as to render it more dependent; with this view it is made to swallow small pellets of tow mixed up with garlic and wormwood. These pellets have the effect of increasing its hunger; and the pleasure which it afterward experiences in eating tends to attach it more closely to the individual who feeds it.

In a general way, after five or six days of restraint the falcon is *tamed*, and the falconer can then proceed with the training, to which the

former practices are nothing but preliminaries.

The bird is taken into a garden, and taught to hop on the fist when called; a piece of meat is shown to entice it, which is not given to the bird until the requisite maneuver is properly executed. The meat is then fast-



FIG. 3—HOOD.

ened to a lure, or decoy, and the same course is adopted, the bird being attached to the end of a string from ten to forty yards in length. The

lure (Fig. 5) is a flat piece of wood, covered on both sides with the wings and feet of a pigeon. The falcon is uncovered, and the lure is shown to it at a short distance off, and at the same time a call is given. If the bird stoops upon the lure it is allowed to take the meat which is attached to it. The distance is progressively increased, and the falcon is recompensed for its docility on each occasion. When, at the full length of the string, it will obey the call, a great point is gained, for it fully recognizes the lure, and knows that the meat attached will become its own on returning to its master. Then the falconer no longer fears it becoming free, for he well knows he can *reclaim* it; that is, make it settle down upon his fist, even when the bird is flying in the air.

Afterward it is introduced to living game by letting it fly at tied pigeons; and, lastly, its education is completed by habituating it to stoop on the special game which it is intended to chase.

Supposing the game it is destined for pursuing to be the partridge, in the first place, the pigeon's wings on the lure are replaced by those of the partridge, and then the falcon is let fly in succession, first at partridges tied to a string, then at liberated birds. When it *binds* its prey well, and shows itself obedient, it is employed on wild game.

Birds of prey used to be educated for taking the kite, the heron, the crow, the magpie, the



FIG. 4.—DRESSED FALCON.

hare, partridges, quails, and pheasants; also wild ducks, and other aquatic birds.

The pursuit of the kite, the heron, the crow, and the magpie, the profit of which was absolutely nothing, was looked upon as a sport fit for princes, and was carried on by means of the falcon and gyrfalcon. But the chase of other birds, in which the inducement was a prey fit for food, was considered the sport of an esquire; and for this were used the hobby (*hobereau*, French), the merlin, the kestrel, the goshawk, and the sparrow-hawk. Hence comes the nickname of *hobereau* applied to French country gentlemen; "because," as Lacurne de Sainte-Palaye says, "they wish to show an appearance of more property than they really possess; and not being able to keep falcons, which cost too much in their purchase and food, they hawk with hobbies, which are readily procured, and also provide partridges and quails for their kitchens."

The most noble cast, but also the rarest, was that at the kite; at one time they were in the habit of alluring this bird by means of a great (long-eared) owl, dressed out with a fox's brush. Some stratagem of this kind was obliged to be used in order to get near the kite, which flies at heights altogether inaccessible to the best falcon. When the kite came within range a falcon was "let fly," and then a most interesting conflict took place between the two birds. The kite, harassed by its enemy, and, in spite of its turns and twists, and numberless feints, unable to escape him, generally in the end fell into its foe's clutches.

The cast at a heron generally presented fewer incidents. This bird, from not being gifted with the same powers of wing, was unavoidably overtaken with much greater ease, although, when not overloaded with food, it occasionally managed to escape. Still it always defended itself with energy, and the blows of its formidable bill were often fatal to its pursuer. In heron hawking (Fig. 6) a dog was required to flush the game, and three falcons to capture it; the duty of the first was to make the "quarry" rise, of the second to follow it, and of the third to clutch it. We shall quote from an ancient author of a "Treatise on Falconry" the account of a cast at a heron; the description will well explain the details of this kind of sport.

"Now riding fast, we soon came by the side of the meadows adjoining the warren, where the 'markers' of M. de Ligné discovered three herons and at once came to tell him of it. Making up his mind to attack them, the Sieur de Ligné did me the favor of giving me a white gyrfalcon, named 'La Perle,' to let fly; he him-



FIG. 5.—THE LURE.

self took another, called 'Le Gentilhomme,' and one of his people took a third, named 'Le Pinson.' When the herons heard us approach they became alarmed, and took wing while we were yet some distance off; seeing this, we let fly the birds, which were some time before they perceived the quarry. At last one of the hawks caught sight of them, and went in pursuit. The two others immediately followed with so much ardor and speed that in a very short time they had all reached the herons, and

I give you one as your share.' On which, seeing them at such an immense height, I replied that the falcons would have great difficulty in getting at them. Then he let fly his bird, we doing likewise, and they all vied with one another in soaring upward, using such diligence that soon we saw them almost as high up as one of the herons. Having first made an effort and got above their prey, they commenced to deal it such a shower of blows that it seemed stupefied, and flew down to gain the shelter of the woods. We rode forward to bring the hounds to the assistance of the falcons, and were just in time; for the heron had thrown itself into a thicket, in which we captured it alive, although taken from the mouth of one of the dogs. Giving this bird to the falcons, we mounted our horses again to let fly after another."

The cast at the crow and the magpie were also very amusing. These birds would try at first to escape by means of speed, and then, recognizing the uselessness of their efforts, they afterward took refuge in a tree, from which the falconers had much trouble to drive them, so great was their terror for their pursuers.

Hawking is even nowadays held in high honor in the North of Africa and in Asia, being the favorite diversion of the Arabs. In the Sahara the falcon is trained to hunt pigeons, partridges, hares, rabbits, and even the gazelle.

In Persia and Turkestan the falcon is not trained, as it used to be in Europe, for some special game; they accustom it to stoop on all kinds of prey. Hunting the gazelle with hawks is a diversion much esteemed among these nations. The plan is as follows:

"The Persians," says Thévenot, the traveler, "provided stuffed gazelles, on the noses of which they always place the food for their falcons, and never feed them anywhere else; after they have been thus trained, they take them out into the open country, and when they see a gazelle they let fly two of these birds, one of which darts down on the nose of the gazelle, and fastens on to it with its talons. The gazelle stops short, and shakes himself to get rid of the bird; but the latter keeps his place for some time by means of



FIG. 6—HERON HAWKING.

were attacking one, which defended itself; but it was so roughly treated that it could not make much resistance, and was soon taken. While the falcons were having their pleasure with it (that is, while the quarry was being given them), the other herons, frightened at seeing their companion so badly treated, kept on rising in the direction of the sun, hoping to shelter themselves in its glare. But they were descried; M. de Ligné told me of this, saying, 'I can see the two herons up above, still rising.

flapping his wings, thus preventing the gazelle from running fast, and even from seeing where it is going. When at last, with some trouble, the gazelle disengages itself from its pursuer, the other falcon, which is flying near, takes the place of the one thrown off; the latter, in its turn, again resumes the assault when its companion has fallen. The birds thus hinder the running of the gazelle, so that the dogs easily overtake it."

In Egypt the falcon is trained for this kind of sport by taking it young, limiting the quantity of its food, and then frequently bringing it into the presence of sheep; being in a famished state, the bird unhesitatingly darts on them.

Hawking is also held in high esteem in India, both by the natives and Europeans resident there. It is no rare thing to see young ladies reviving all the customs of the Middle Ages, and penetrating into the jungles mounted on elephants, accompanied by their falcons, which are flown at the charming blue antelope.

In China and Japan hawking is also very popular; in the course of a day's journey it is no uncommon thing to meet persons pursuing this sport.

PAUL HUNTEN'S SECRET.

IT was always a mystery to me how my grandfather happened to settle in one of the interior counties instead of in the young river metropolis, which certainly offered him just as many inducements, and just as few disadvantages, to pitch his tent and hunt up practice. But it was a greater mystery that such a man as Paul Hunten should pass right by the same city, after it had emerged from the germ and developed into a glorious bud of promise, to hire himself out as wood-chopper on my grandfather's farm. It might be accounted for on the ground of philanthropy—for that township sorely needed a class of scientific fellers of trees and burners of underbrush—had there not been something about Paul impressing me with the belief that he buried himself among those beech and walnut trees to ameliorate his own condition, in some respect, and not that of the Knox county land-owners. He came to us in a strange way; besides, his engagement was not effected according to the business customs then in vogue, there being no price stipulated, and no limit set to his duties.

Early on an Autumn morning, dusty and travel worn, he stopped at "The Thicket"—as our farm was called—and asked to see the owner. He was dressed in a suit of well-cut, speckled gray, such as is sometimes called

"pepper and salt," that seemed to have been quite recently made, but his baggage consisted only of a bundle which he carried on the end of a stick thrown over his shoulder. My grandfather left his breakfast and went to the door, for in those early days people were not so apt as now to keep supplicants for employment waiting anxiously, perhaps painfully, their own pleasure. Paul had thrown his bundle down by the steps, and was leaning wearily upon his staff.

"Have you any work to give me?" He accosted my grandfather with a strong foreign accent, before the latter had time to speak.

"Well, what can you do—chop wood, get out timber, or any thing?"

"Yes, any thing."

"I guess you can stop with us, then."

After this brief colloquy grandfather came back to the table and ordered a plate set for the stranger, but Paul remained standing irresolutely on the steps.

"I'll earn my breakfast before I eat it," he said in answer to my Aunt Janet's invitation to join us, as she poured out a fragrant cup of coffee and set it beside the plate. "I'll hunt up work for myself now, and when you get ready you can give me your orders." With this he walked away toward the barn-yard, as if annoyed by any tender of hospitality.

Being the only old-school physician in the vicinity, grandfather Bently was kept, to use his own words, constantly in the saddle, and had little time to oversee the farm labor, consequently it was left mostly to the boys, as he called my two uncles, John and Harry. That morning, after buttoning up his coat and replenishing his medicine bags, he tied his horse to the hitching-post, and went on to look after his new employé, whom he found busy with hammer and screws, repairing a broken hinge of the barn door. The man stopped his work, and turned around as if waiting for directions.

"You may take the team and haul logs to the mill to-day. It is not far down the road. You must have passed it on your way here."

"Yes," replied the man.

"Are you accustomed to farm labor?" queried Dr. Bently.

"So that I do what is required of me, it makes no difference whether I am accustomed to it or not," was the equivocal, yet not surly, reply.

"No, I presume not," said my grandfather, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

Until noon the wagon made regular trips between the mill and "The Thicket," then Paul Hunten rested his team and came in to dinner. He ate silently and very moderately for a man who had had no breakfast, but his lusterless

brown eyes wandered restlessly around the room, scanning our faces without any apparent motive, even sometimes closing as if to shut out the world and memory. He was a young man, not more than thirty-two, and possessed of strikingly regular features; his forehead was broad and smooth, with the exception of a deep crease between the eyes, seemingly the result of deep, perhaps bitter thought; his mouth was small and firm, his hands shapely, his figure not wanting in dignity. He looked sadly out of place in the character of a farm laborer, but as he vouchsafed no explanation of his circumstances, and no definite answers to our simple inquiries, we were obliged to take him on his own representation. After all, it was not a bad one. He came to us as a laborer; he went quickly and dextrously about his work, asking no questions and replying to none, unless concerning the interests of his employer.

Months passed, and we knew no more of him than that he came originally from Europe and from the East latterly, for in those days every body came from the East. Early in the morning, before the family was stirring, he would steal noiselessly down stairs, build the kitchen fire, fill the tea-kettle and milk the cows. At first Aunt Janet had told him that these chores were not required of him, but, although he was looking straight into her eyes, he seemed perfectly oblivious of her words, and I believed he was so. His room in the second story was situated directly over the one occupied by us children, and often, when lying awake in the night, I have heard him pacing the floor with steady, monotonous tread, while half-suppressed groans would break from his lips as if induced by great physical agony. On mornings following such nights of unrest, he would go about his work as usual, but his bed would bear no evidence of having been slept in, nor his room of having been used. Paul was a most indefatigable worker, not even on Sundays taking the rest which God and nature require; but all day the sound of his ax would echo among the trees, and not until night spread its shadows over the landscape would he return to the house. Once Dr. Bently ventured to expostulate with him upon his use of the Sabbath. Said he, "The seventh day is the Lord's; in it we are commanded to do no work."

"I believe you visit your patients on all days," interrupted Paul, setting his ax down and leaning over it.

"Yes, but that is imperative."

"My contract with you, Doctor, is, to labor six days in the week. What use I make of the remaining day is my own concern."

And he took up his ax and struck it deep in the trunk of an oak, while my grandfather walked away.

Throughout the neighborhood Paul Hunten was regarded with much curiosity, for the good people, adhering to the primitive custom of inviting their "help" to join their family circles and social reunions, had their hospitality often slighted by his refusals to mingle with them. Then they grew suspicious of him, and whispers of some dark crime committed in the far East began to be circulated throughout the locality, until finally people shunned him almost as much as they had sought his acquaintance. But if Paul knew this change in public sentiment he never betrayed it. The Indian Summer of that year was long and lonesome even to us children, but the hazy, mellow days seemed to rest with unusual heaviness upon the spirits of our hired man. With the fading and falling of the leaves he grew more than ever like the Byronic hero who confronts us in "Childe Harold" and "The Corsair," sallow, dark, mysterious, ill-humored. He avoided the family as if the sight of human faces was torture to him, and yet his work went on with the regularity of a machine. Yes, there was one face he would sometimes watch for a minute or two, and then turn away with a softened expression, giving us the hope that he was more impressible than he cared to appear. This was the face of Aunt Janet's baby. She was a pretty, brown-haired little thing, with a grown-up smile, and seldom given to crying, but in all other respects no way different from ordinary babies.

One evening as she lay in her cradle toying with a set of blocks, Paul Hunten stood regarding her with more than his customary interest. He even gave back an answering smile when she looked up at him. Turning to my aunt, as he took his hat to go, he said, "Mrs. Bently, your little one will some day be a preacher of the Gospel."

"You forget it is a girl," said my aunt smiling.

"No matter, women were among the first followers of Jesus."

This was the only time Paul alluded to our Savior during his sojourn at "The Thicket;" and, although we used to sometimes playfully call baby Mary the preacher, he never seemed to notice it.

One day I took my willow-basket and started for the maple woods on the south side of the farm to gather some of the brilliant-hued leaves which covered the ground and formed hiding places for squirrels. My road lay through a field where Paul Hunten was burning brush. I thought I would hunt him up and ask him to

knock down some of the thorn apples that grew near, and hung luscious in my sight as the grapes of Eshcol, but far above my twelve years' height. I came upon him as he sat on a log with his back to me, while around him were various piles of half-burnt brush, the flames effaced by the bright sunlight, but their waves of blue smoke slowly ascending and mingling with the clouds. The still, primeval scene brought to my mind Bryant's beautiful poem, where he calls the days of Autumn the saddest of the year, and which I had conned over many a time in my desk at school. Perhaps Paul Hunten's spirit was subject to the melancholy influence of the day, for he sat bending forward with his elbow upon his knee, and his head resting in his hand, as if he had no work to do, and no strength to support his frame. It was strange, for there was known to be no laborer in the township half so industrious; yet now his neglected ax lay at his feet, and he was idle. His face was pale, his eyes bent on vacancy, and his whole figure drooping as if under a heavy weight.

I stepped softly forward, intending to speak to him, but something lying on his knee caught my eyes, and I paused to look at it. It was a little pencil sketch of a beautiful woman's face, with large blue eyes, blonde hair, and the delicate, oval features of which poets have sung for ages. It had neither frame nor glass, but the expression, so like that I have since seen in paintings of Goethe's Margaret, seemed the more life-like because viewed without obstruction.

At last I laid my hand on Paul's shoulder, and, forgetful of every thing but the sweet, unknown face, asked, "Is she dead, Mr. Hunten?"

"Dead!" he repeated, starting slightly, while surrounding trees sent back an echo, "yes, dead to me."

The last words were spoken very slowly, and in an under-tone, so that I held my breath to catch them. I stood by him several minutes, hoping he would tell me something more, but he did not. I had evidently passed from his mind with the inanimate world around him, and so I went away without asking him to get the thorn apples for me. It must have been two hours later when, with my basket full of carefully selected maple leaves, I returned to the house by the same way. Paul still sat on the old log, with the little picture on his knee and his face in his hand. He did n't see me, and I went by without disturbing him. At evening he came in as usual, ate his supper, or at least sat down to the table, retired early to

his room, and the next morning resumed his work.

As the weather grew colder Paul finished his clearing in the field and commenced building a board fence between the garden and orchard. He had generally been told what to do, and left to do it in his own way, partly because his own way gave satisfaction, and partly because he had not a very gracious manner of receiving orders. But my grandfather was not pleased with the fence for some reason, and going out he began to name faults in it. Hunten listened a moment, and then turning angrily around with his eyes flashing like steel, exclaimed, "Dr. Bently, you are the first man who ever had the impudence to find fault with my work."

Grandfather liked Paul, and, I believe, felt a deep sympathy in his unknown sorrow, or morbid disposition, whichever it might be, so he tolerated the manner for the sake of the man and left him to work as he chose. Well, he was the best worker grandfather ever had, in spite of his irregular temper. There was no more fair weather after the Indian Summer, consequently the men left the fields and worked chiefly under shelter. We began to fancy Mr. Hunten a little more cheerful since Nature no longer mocked him with her smiling face, and it was a subject of silent congratulation among us. The secret of the lovely penciled head, which had caused him such despairing emotion, became incautiously circulated in the neighborhood, owing doubtless to my garrulity, and so it filled its place in the various tales of horror regarding its possessor that by constant repetition were perpetuated. There are minds always ready to seize upon circumstances remote in time and character, and with an energy worthy of a better cause—save perhaps in a government detective—seek to ferret out some connection; and so a story of the beautiful lady was associated with tales, first of forgery, then of murder, and all were connected with the unhappy Paul Hunten; but he continued his humble way apparently oblivious of the evil whispers which every wind scattered broadcast.

One morning he seemed more inclined to talk to Aunt Janet, baby Mary, and the rest of us, than he had done since Winter set in, and on the strength of his unwonted sociability, being too blind to see the isolation beneath, I followed him into the yard, asking, by way of continuing the conversation, "When are you going home, Mr. Hunten?"

"Home!" He turned quickly, and with an expression almost wild as he repeated my last word.

"In the East, I mean," I said apologetically,

and catching my breath at the blunder I had made, "where the lady lived."

"Why should I go where she has ever been?" he asked more to himself than to me. "Orpheus descended into the deep recesses of Erebus to regain his Eurydice, but by my descent I have lost mine." Then he walked rapidly away from me to his work. It might have been an hour later when he came into the house and said, "I guess I will not work to-day. I want to go down to Sparta."

(Sparta was a little village, which had received this historic name from its ambitious founder only after an earnest study of the palmy days of ancient Greece.)

Paul Hunten took a brush and a box of blacking from the kitchen shelf and went in the basement to polish his boots; then we thought no more about him. It must have been past noon when Aunt Janet went around to the basement to fetch up vinegar for dinner, and found him sitting there with his half-polished boot in one hand and the brush in the other, just as though he had not moved for hours. His lips were tightly compressed, and the crease in his forehead painfully distinct. The whole attitude of the man was so indicative of severe mental suffering that my aunt exclaimed aloud, but she might as well have spoken to a statue. His heart and mind were busy with his terrible past, but the present was a blank to him. Was it a guilty past, or was he one of those strange unfortunates whose career from the cradle to the grave is a continued scene of disappointments and rebuffs? Or was he descended from the God-hated Esau, that his years should all be cursed with a soul-harrowing thirst for something afar off? We reasoned that if he had longings for the future, they were intimately connected with regrets for the past, but neither our penetration nor analogy could carry us further.

After standing irresolutely for some time in the vain hope of attracting Paul's attention, my aunt went away and tried to busy herself with her household, yet she could not banish him from her mind. When dinner was ready she blew the horn long and loud, but it met with no response from him. Later in the afternoon she looked in at the door again, but he still sat there, only he had laid down his work and leaned his head upon his hand, as he had done that day in the field. At dark I heard him going up the stairs which led to his room, and running into the entry I cried, "Mr. Hunten, won't you come in to supper?" And he answered softly, "Not to-night, my child," but went on without looking back at me. The next

morning I heard him leave his room earlier than usual. Then he built the kitchen fire and went out with the milk-pails: returning with the milk a half hour before breakfast he set it down and went out again, but when breakfast was ready he was nowhere to be found.

Grandfather Bently and the boys looked around for him, but we all instinctively felt that he had left "The Thicket" to return no more. Where or why he had gone there was nothing left to tell us.

As soon as the good people of the neighborhood heard that Dr. Bently's mysterious farm hand had disappeared, they began to count over their valuables, and, as far as I know, were successful in finding them all; then the traditional nine days were devoted to conjectures and surmises with regard to his wanderings, though finding no solution to the wonder they finally drifted to other topics. As for us, we gradually dropped his name from our conversation and, in subsequent years, almost from our memory.

We lived on the farm until grandfather Bently was gathered to his ancestors, and the village of Sparta had advanced to the dignity of an incorporated town. Uncle Harry had married and gone; Aunt Janet and Uncle John were growing old at home, and, strange as it seemed to us, baby Mary had grown into womanhood and the fulfillment of Paul Hunten's prediction. Preaching at first in her own county and without price, her reputation for eloquence and earnestness soon went abroad, and one day she was surprised by a call to a New England Church.

Nearly two years after her establishment over her Eastern congregation, Mary returned to "The Thicket" on a visit, and one morning took up the thread of Paul Hunten's history. She was located near a settlement of Poles, who had come from the locality where his youth and early manhood were passed, and she had been told a well-authenticated story of his life. He was the son of one of that little band of Polish patriots who, under the leadership of Reyton, so heroically, yet fatally to themselves, opposed the Diet of partition. His father falling in the cause of liberty bequeathed to him a high courage and love of country, but not the unselfish heart and singleness of purpose which had characterized his own career in his country's struggles for independence. As Paul grew to manhood the politics of Poland were in such a condition as to arouse all the energy and patriotism of his impetuous nature, and as opportunities were not wanting to win his way to the hearts of his countrymen he soon acquired

enviable fame. Among the officers of the army was a Lithuanian nobleman named Wisniewski, whose great wealth, no less than his fierce denunciations of Russia's tyranny, rendered his family special objects of enmity to that Government.

After Paul became known as a brave and skillful soldier, he married the amiable and accomplished daughter of this gentleman—the lady whose little portrait I had seen that morning in the field. When the province of Lithuania fell into the hands of the Russians, Wisniewski shared the fate of other influential rebels, as they were called, and his estates were confiscated. Soon after this he was captured and immured in prison. The despotic character of the Empress Catherine left him little hope of clemency; so if his family had much at stake in the strife before, they had every thing now. In those days the noble women of Poland grew accustomed to hardship, and Paul Huntén's wife did no unusual thing when she followed him as far as the fortified city of Warsaw, where there were constant opportunities to aid those who were in the field.

Partly for his bravery and partly because he had married into the Wisniewski family, Huntén was given the command of the troops that had fought under his father-in-law. For months he remained stanch in his devotion to the land of his birth, while on every side agents of the trespassing powers stood ready to bribe the weak or wavering, and the prospect of victory to the Poles grew more gloomy. But the darkest day of all was the one when Kosciuszko fell, wounded and a prisoner, into the hands of the Cossacks. Many a stout heart grew faint then, and many a patriot's arm fell nerveless from his sword, for the news of this great man's captivity was received at Warsaw as the announcement of the country's ruin.

We need not wonder that the army grew discouraged in the face of this calamity, yet among all the brave band who had marched out with Wisniewski, one only talked of surrender—he who had been promoted as their leader, Paul Huntén. Corruptions and abuses had become widely disseminated throughout the Polish Government, and while no one was suspicious of treachery in Huntén, he had decided to make his own peace with the invaders by giving his troops into their power when ordered to unite with the main body. It was not in the forlorn hope that they would be acquiescent, for he knew they would fight on, contesting the last foot of Polish soil; nor yet to save his family, for some of its members had perished; others languished in cheerless dungeons, while his

heroic wife was working with her own white hands to help the defenders of Warsaw. It was Suwarrow's rubles that tempted him to betray his true-hearted comrades, while all his countrymen cried, "Traitor."

Somewhere I have seen it stated that every one has his price, and without giving entire credence to this, it is certain that the want of money has brought evil upon many a moderately honorable man. I think only the poor man, who has once been rich, can know all the temptation lurking in a money bribe; such Paul Huntén was; moreover, he had a delicately reared wife and infant child, whom he unfortunately loved better than he loved his country. No heroism could have saved Poland, the conduct of the nobles was such as to alienate rather than to attach the people; and he reasoned that as his comrades were sure to be finally vanquished, they could be no worse off for surrendering then, while he would be vastly benefited. Had he been less credulous he would have hesitated long before delivering his fellow-soldiers, among whom was his young brother-in-law, to the mercy of Suwarrow, but he trusted this man's promise to release them. It was not to be expected that he who habitually broke his word would keep it now, and instead of being set at liberty, these prisoners were shot or confined for future exile. Among the first who were led out to meet a violent death was young Wisniewski, and although repentant Paul would have given his own life to save him, he was every-where charged with abandoning him to his unhappy fate. He received the reward of his treachery, but had never the courage to look again upon the face of his wife or child. Feeling that he had no longer a place in the hearts of his family, nor on the soil of Poland, he left his ill-gotten gold and came to America; but while the stigma of the traitor was upon him at home, an accusing conscience clung to him abroad. Here, wandering on the confines of civilization, he did penance for that hour of weakness by hard work and personal discomfort.

At this point Mary ended her narrative and opened a magazine, which had somehow found its way to "The Thicket" a year after it had issued from the press.

"Well," I asked, "did you never hear any thing more about him?"

"Yes," answered Mary composedly; "when more than a score of years had softened the anger of his fallen country, and the development of circumstances had taken away some of his reproach, he started to make his way back to Poland."

FAVOR.

IT is a fortunate thing that the most of us were born with a tolerable bump of approbation, else society would be in a state of disagreement and separation, or, rather, there would be no society at all. Yet it is a curious question to ask just how far favor should be sought after. Indeed, diverse persons have solemnly discoursed of the folly of seeking it at all, and many an apostrophe to Fame has been written, in which emptiness and vanity have been the conclusion of the whole matter. Notwithstanding, it is evident that the winning of regard lies among the foundations of life. Every one is seeking, in one way or another, the favor of every one else. And it is undoubtedly a noble and beautiful thing. The most perfect character that ever lived, found favor, we are told, not only with God, but "with man" also. It is the secret of many of the happiest developments of our own life, lending a nameless grace to otherwise hard and unpleasing scenes.

In America it would seem necessary to seek favor, far more than in the countries of Europe, where the conditions of society are more fixed, and each one's place is more strictly defined. Our extreme republicanism, that renders every one the maker of his or her own fortune, brings this element into large proportion among us. The fact of any profession or calling is little of itself. The old Puritanism of our forefathers was republicanism in its boldest independence, but it still had some reverence for many things. Nowadays the minister is little more respected because he is a minister than any other; his sacred robes do not shelter him from the most severe and searching criticism, and his merits and demerits are freely discussed, like those of any other marketable commodity. The teacher also is in a like situation. B. A. and M. L. A. do not save one in the least. The all-important question is, How is Mr. or Miss Such-a-one liked? If the answer be favorable, well; but if otherwise, woe to that unfortunate!

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that what is of itself good should degenerate into what is base and mean, and that unprincipled office-seeking and favoritism should be notorious in the high places of the land.

There are some who gain favor without effort. They are the blossoms among human beings. They have the marvelous gift of attraction that involuntarily draws all to their center. Their very faces are an irresistible invitation and voice of welcome. Always and every-where

the unsought-for meed of approbation is poured out to them.

But the greater part, either from a cross-grained temperament or other reason, find it more or less an effort to please. Approbation does not usually come of itself. Those who bend all their energies in this direction are generally successful for a time; the assumed smile and the patronizing voice go a long way with them; adroitness and management win the game that straightforwardness and truth, without the smile and the patronage, repeatedly lose. And it is not marvelous that many a one has bitterly felt the seeming inequality of fortune in this respect. But however one may scorn the means, one may not less learn a lesson from the thing scorned. A smile inevitably pleases, and who shall smile best, other things equal, wins most.

It does not do simply to have the heart right, warm and full of kindly feeling—an immense amount of good would be done and corresponding favor gained if that alone were necessary—but some effort must be made to make it known. Miss La Creevy in "Nicholas Nickleby" had as warm a heart as ever beat in so diminutive a personage, but its kindness and benevolence existed in unknown solitude until the misfortunes of the Nickleby family were the occasion of their odd but gracious display.

The recognized position of woman in society makes her dependent, in many respects, upon the other sex, but in none is she more so than in this matter of favor. It is much more a thing of necessity in her to please than in him. Her part in the rôle is not to make proposals concerning the one "long path" in which two shall henceforth walk together, and she is not to say what she may never so positively and sincerely cherish in her heart. Probably very few would have it otherwise, and no one envies the fortune of Queen Victoria, whose position made it necessary for her to bring the courtship with Prince Albert to a crisis. However it be, this peculiar attitude of woman has given rise to two strongly marked characters—both sufficiently common—the one unpleasing and even repulsive; the other, at least, unfortunate.

The former has but one object, the gaining of which occupies her exclusive attention. She is always to be found in the most prominent seats, where her graces may be seen to the best advantage. She talks easily and without constraint, and never seems to lack for topics of conversation, although she seldom reads any thing but the last novel, and the horizon of her information is necessarily quite limited. But she is intimately acquainted with society, and knows

all the ways and means thereof. She easily adapts herself to its contingencies, and finds in all its various modifications supreme and unceasing delights. She is sometimes a thorough diplomate, and lays her plans with the consummate art of a skilled intriguer.

The other always remains in the background, where the lights may not fall upon her. She fails to do herself justice; the gifts of heart and mind, which are her fortune, and which are intended to shine in society, are known to exist only by a few. She shrinks within herself for fear of seeming forward, so much beauty and fragrance of character are lost to all observation. For, however marked these may be, the world is quite too much occupied with what is plain and palpable to go after what is covert and hidden. It is useless to quarrel with this; favor is not spontaneous, except in rare cases; it is won.

It a pleasant thing to have favor; to feel that one has a place in others' regard; that all are gladder because one lives, and is what one is. To have the perfect confidence of childhood is a happy fortune. It was Hawthorne, the solitary dreamer, the weird and subtle analyst of the heart, who said, "If I value myself on any thing, it is that I have a smile that children love." With them all duplicities and arts fail; they have a quick, keen-eyed perception, and read one with instinctive certainty. Children are not deceived even by that show of extreme regard affected by those who have heard that they are charming, and that it is desirable to be popular with them. Being truthful themselves, they love truth, and find it with unerring accuracy. Pure and unfeigned love of them, shining radiant in the face of Christ, was the magnet that drew them to his arms.

Christ loved the children for their sakes, and not for his own. Their favor was won by loving them. And this is the secret of all the approval in the world best worth having. To gain the favor of others in order to make them happier; better to reach their hearts; to bestow upon them what is good in us, and to receive ourselves what is good in them; so to establish a line of communication which shall carry back and forth electric messages of thought and feeling, the more speedily to harmonize the world—this is the only motive worthy of success. No one can move another unless one be somewhat in the favor of that other. It is working against tremendous odds to appeal to others in any way where a prejudice exists against one.

Preconceived notions unfavorable to the subject are equal to all goodness, or beauty, or talent. Jenny Lind had magnetized hundreds

of American audiences with her wonderful voice, and her fame, spreading far and wide, had reached Cuba as well, but that island had determined not to be pleased with the "Nightingale," however it should sing; so the first appearance in Havana was received in sullen silence. Never was such a flood of melody even from this "mistress of song," but it fell against the unyielding granite; and it was only after the most matchless exhibitions of her power, and the exertion of the mightiest will, that the Cubans at last relented, and storms of applause succeeded the marvelous outburst.

The lesson which the most mercenary fortune-seeker teaches may be taken to heart by the "children of light." The way is admirable; it only remains for the spirit to be changed. So long as the world remains as it is, so long must action conform to its requirements; and society has declared that the way to success, in the very purest purpose, is through the favor of those whom success serves.

THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

III.

FILICES, OR FERNS.

IN their most graceful type—the tree-ferns—this order of acrogens rivals the most beautiful palms. When they have attained a height of forty or fifty feet their stems form a noble column, some five or six inches thick, from the summit of which flows a panicle of pinnate leaves intersected by a thousand dentations; the terminal tuft which crowns the summit of the trunk tending at all times into a sort of crosier, or crook shape, whose graceful curve adds greatly to the elegance of the plant. Their chief anatomical peculiarities are as follows:

The leaves are termed *fronds*, and they bear the organs of fructification in little cups or receptacles on the edges, or on the under surface, in the form of little masses of granules, termed

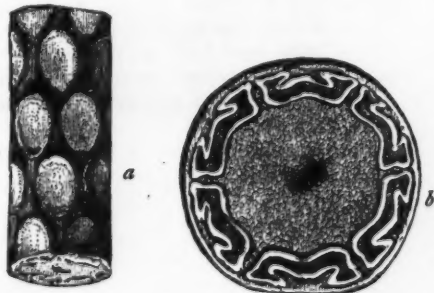


FIG. 1.—STEM AND SECTION OF A TREE-FERN.

sori, consisting of a containing organ termed *sporangia*, *theca*, or *capsules*, surrounded by a ring termed *gyrus*, or *annulus*, and a number of contained cells, termed *spores*, or *sporules*, from which the new plant is produced. The footstalk of the leaf or frond is called a *stipe*,

and consists of bundles of bare woody fiber and scalariform vessels, connected together by cellular tissue, which pass down into the stem under the bark, forming the zones of the wood. In the tree-fern the rind or bark consists of one or two layers of cellular tissue, and is

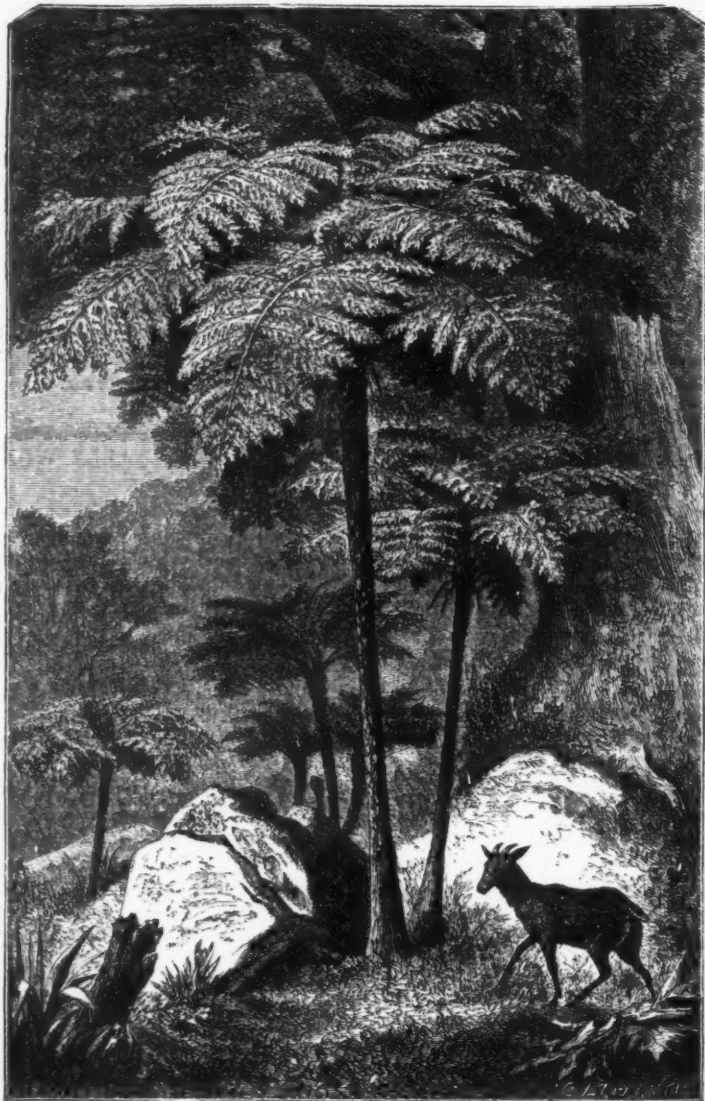


FIG. 2. THE ARBORESCENT FERNS OF BRAZIL.

marked from top to bottom by the cicatrices left by the fallen leaves (Fig. 1). These cicatrices occur irregularly and at considerable distances apart near the foot of the tree, but at regular distances and almost close together toward the summit of the stem, showing that

its leaves are produced at the top and in successive clusters, and that the trunk has increased in height after the fall of the leaf. Again, a large portion of the transverse section of the trunk is seen to consist of cellular tissue; and through this the wood passes, the center

being occupied by a mass of scalariform duct, so called from the resemblance which its perpendicular sides and transverse lines bear to the sides and rounds of a ladder. This form of tissue is interrupted by large spiral vessels; the wood is also arranged in circles, or bundles, with a wavy outline, but only near to the bark. These circles seem to be sent down from the fronds, and as the fronds surround the stem, the bundles sent down from them lie side by side until they form a circle. There is a peculiarity in the growth of the tree-fern, that the interval between the cicatrices enlarges as the tree increases, showing that the stem of the tree increases in height not only at the apex for the time being, but afterward in the body of the trunk.

The mode of germination in the ferns seems to be this: The sporule, after extrusion from the sporangia, bursts its envelope and emits a leafy expansion from its center, which subsequently forms a bud and then a plant. Fig. 2 represents the arborescent ferns of the Brazilian forests.

In our climate these acrogens are far from presenting the dimensions which they attain in the tropics. Our ferns are only perennials, with a short rhizome or spreading roots, whose leaves rarely exceed four or five inches. Even

in the tropics and in the southern hemisphere the *Hymenophyllum* and *Trichomanes* (Fig. 3), which grow only in humid places, at the foot of old trees, or upon rocks bathed in running brooks, are generally of small size. The delicate leaves are destitute of epidermis, and consist of a simple blade of cellular tissues traversed by nervures formed themselves of scalariform vessels.

In order to study more closely the structure of the fern, let us examine the *Nephrodium filix-mas*, commonly known as the male fern (Fig. 4).

This plant is common in the woods and sterile places. It carries upon its subterranean stem, which creeps along horizontally, certain reddish scales. The leaves are large, petiolate, and much intersected. On the under surface of the leaves, or of what has the appearance of leaves, and which, as already stated, are called, in the language of botany, *fronds*, we

find little rounded, or rather, kidney-shaped projections. Each of these projections is formed by groups of small bodies, yellowish-green at an early age, brown at their maturity, and which are covered by a thin grayish pellicle. Each group of these little bodies or sporanges bears the name of *sori*; the pellicle which covers them is called the *indusium*. Fig. 6 is a greatly magnified representation of the organs which occur on



FIG. 3.—TRICHOMANES BREBISSETUM.

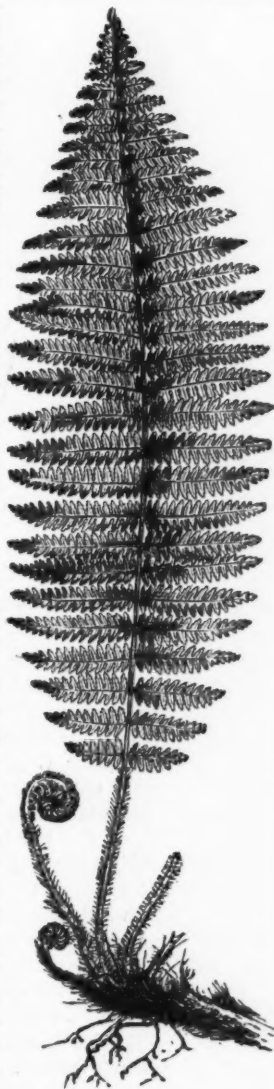


FIG. 4.—MALE FERN, $\frac{1}{2}$ NATURAL SIZE.

the lower surface of the fronds of the male fern.

The sporanges, or *capsules* (Fig. 7), are pedicellate cellulose sacs, furnished on their circumference with an almost entire circle of cellules,



FIG. 5.—LOWER SURFACE OF THE FROND.



FIG. 6.—MAGNIFIED PORTION OF THE LOWER SURFACE.

larger and thicker than the other parts of the wall. These cellules form a sort of ring, which by growth, or by certain hygrometric changes, seem to determine the irregular rupture of the walls of the capsule (Fig. 8), and by these movements pour out a number of egg-like irregular globules, which were long considered to be the seeds of the plant, and were called *spores*. But this assimilation is ascertained to be absolutely opposed to the facts. In the diverse genera which constitute the great family of ferns, the apparatus under consideration has very different functions.

In the *Polypodiaceæ* the rounded sori are destitute of indusium. In *Pteris* it extends along the edge of the frond, and opening from the inner side, protects the sori. In *Scolopendrium*, the sori, approaching by pairs, are protected by an indusium, which is to all appearance bivalve, and disposed in oblique lines. In *Osmunda* the capsules form terminal clusters upon the nervures of the upper parts of the frond, contracted and modified, and often destitute of the ring as an indusium.

The reproduction of ferns has been closely studied in our days by Herr Nægeli, a distinguished German phytologist, and still more recently by Herr Leszcyc-Suminski. We shall

follow the curious observations of botanists in their revelations of the strange mode of reproduction among the ferns, remarking, however, that the investigations of Mr. Henfrey and other observers, English and foreign, of high reputation, while confirming many of Herr Suminski's observations, draw other inferences from them, M. Thuret, a highly judicious guide, preferring to suppose that the true fructification of these plants still remains to be discovered.

It had long been known that the so-called spores of ferns were susceptible, in favorable conditions, of germinating and reproducing the original plant, and this is the generally received idea of its development: the capsules or sporanges are considered to be the female organs; and the male organs are supposed to be found in the hair-like glandular filaments found in their vicinity. Some new and remarkable observations, however, have shown that the phenomenon was not so simple as it was thought. The structure of the body which was supposed to be the male organs did not correspond with the antherids of other cryptogams. Neither had the presence of antherozoids confirmed the terms assigned to them. In short, Nature has neither placed the antherids of the ferns in the middle of the sorus, nor upon the pedicels of the capsules. Contrary to the provisions demanded by theory, it is upon plants in process of germination that we find these organs; upon individuals which have only been in existence for a few weeks, and which still consist of only a small number of cells. For this most important discovery we are indebted, in the first place, to Herr Nægeli, and it was confirmed some year later by the observations of Herr Leszcyc-Suminski.



FIG. 7.—SPORANGIA OF THE MALE FERN (MAGNIFIED).



FIG. 8.—DEHISCENCE OF THE SPORANGIA (MAGNIFIED).

If we follow the germination of a fern-spore with Herr Suminski, we find that its external membrane, resistant and colored, is broken, and by the opening thus formed in the external membrane issue, in the form of a sort of tube, certain cellules reproducing and multiplying

themselves at the extremity of the tube. From this there results sometimes a small foliaceous expansion, heart-shaped, in the form of a pear (Fig. 9, *a*), whose dimensions in *Pteris serulata* may be an eighth of an inch by a tenth. In the upper part of this small organ or *prothallium* would appear in due course the root or radicle, then the *antherid*, and finally the archegonium.

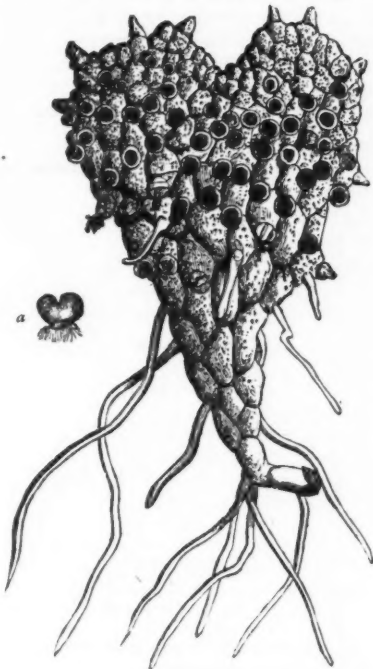


FIG. 9 (MAGNIFIED).

The *antherids* are small cellular mamelons, formed, according to M. Thuret, of three cellules superimposed on each other, as in Fig. 10. In the young antherids (*a*), says this botanist, the central cavity, surrounded by the second ring-like cellule, is only filled with a grayish granulose matter; by degrees, small spherical bodies are seen, which are the *antherozoids*. As these develop themselves the central cavity



FIG. 10 (MAGNIFIED).

increases in volume, and presses strongly upon the walls of the peripheric cellule. Finally, the time comes when the pressure is so great that the antherid is suddenly burst; the uppermost

cellule, which had served as a covercle or lid to the central cavity, is broken, or is occasionally expelled through the fracture at the cuticle (Fig. 11), the *antherozoids* being expelled at the same time.

At the moment of their expulsion the antherozoids present themselves in the form of little grayish spherical vesicles, whose contents are very indistinct (Fig. 12). At first they are immovable; but after some minutes they begin to unroll themselves suddenly, and dart into the ambient liquid with inconceivable rapidity.

They now turn themselves with gyratory movements, which are sometimes continued without interruption during one, and even two hours. If a drop of iodine is added under the microscope, these movements are suddenly arrested. Their body, twisted and contorted, forms a sort of spiral ribbon; it is, besides, imperfectly defined about the extremities. The locomotive organs of these strange bodies consist of bundles of short cilia in great numbers, forming a sort of crest, which emanates from the anterior part of the body. The number of these cilia is sufficient to account for the extreme rapidity with which these antherozoids move.



FIG. 12.

These facts overturn all our notions as to the distinctions of animals and plants. Here are simple vegetable organs which seem to have the power of motion; and if we reflect that on the other hand there are animals, as the sponge, corals, and adult oysters, which are altogether immovable, we may well ask which is the plant and which the animal? We can only reply that the distinctions which science is compelled to

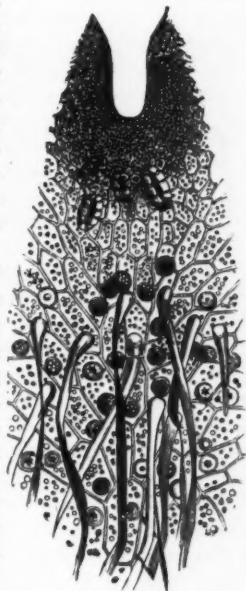


FIG. 11 (MAGNIFIED).

draw among living beings become impossible when we reach the confines of what are usually designated the two kingdoms of nature.

The female organs of the plants which occupy our attention are less numerous than in the preceding orders; a *proembryo* does not bear more than from four to twenty (Figs. 11 and 13). They occupy the lower surface of the *prothallium*, but in front of the side of the hollow; each of them presents itself as a rounded cavity, plunging into the interior of the parenchyma, and communicating with the exterior by a sort of chimney, so to speak, formed by sixteen transparent cells disposed in fours, the one above the others (Fig. 13).



FIG. 13.
Isolated Archegonium.

We ought to remark here, that the two kinds of organs which have been described may exist at once in the same *prothallium*, as in Fig. 11, or they may be distributed upon several, as in Fig. 9. They are, then, monœcious or diœcious. As to the fact of the fecundation, it can no longer be contested. Herr Suminski has seen and figured the antherozoids in the interior of the cavity of the *archegonium*, and his observations have been confirmed by other observers.

Without entering into details respecting the development of the embryo vesicle in the interior of the cavity of the archegone, we may remark that we only see a single plant issue from the *proembryo*, as if a single archegone had been fertilized, or at least one only takes such a form as to hinder the growth of all others.

To conclude, the capsules which develop themselves on the lower surface of the fronds of ferns are not fruit, as has been assumed until lately; nor are the spores inclosed in the capsules seeds. The male and female reproductive organs are developed on a small and transitory cellular apparatus resulting from the germination of the spores.

ALICE CARY.

HARK! the snap of a silver cord,
A quivering harp string broken—
Harp, with sweetest of tone and word,
Of tenderest thought e'er spoken,
Catching notes from a viewless sphere,
Transmitting thro' a veiled partition,
Seraph strains to a mortal ear,
Of higher life and truer vision.

Poesy strung, with a gentle finger,
The lyre to themes of love and sorrow,

Myrtles flung o'er the graceful singer,
Whose numbers challenge Fame's to-morrow.
Sunbeams are boun'd in memory's quiver—
Thro' prisms of hope break happy glances—
Anthems that swell as grandest river,
And wild bird's varied, coy romances.

Humming of bees in clover meadows,
The minors soft in scale ascending—
Mornings of joy and evening shadows,
All graced her verse like pencils blending.
Murmurs deep from the olden forest,
When swaying to the winds of Winter,
Stirred the heart to song when sorest
Oppressed with pain—life's weary tenter.

Harp of sweetness! now sadly still,
The greenest bays shall wreath it over—
Hence, to gain immortal skill,
Angel bands have gently borne her;
In the heavenly city's splendor
Glorious themes, increasing ever,
Thrill her song, exalted, tender,
With praise to Christ, the Lord, forever!

SUCCESS.

THERE is no royal highway built
To honor and renown,
But he who highest climbs shall bring
The richest prizes down.

Nor does dame Fortune scatter blind
Her gifts before our feet;
Yet he who seeks shall surely find,
Faith takes the highest seat.

To him who knocks the closed door
Shall open soon or late;
And he who asks and works the more
Can well afford to wait;

Afford to wait God's own good time,
Since each brave soul may dare
Find grand fulfillment in the rhyme
Of labor, hope, and prayer.

What do we ask, what do we wait
That may not come to-day?
A soul content at work? 't is late,
Indeed, till we can say,

"Whatever, Master, be thy will,
Whate'er my work shall be,
That I accept, and trust thee still,
And live as unto thee."

He who the earth with plenty fills
Will whom he loveth bless,
And harvest of the work he wills
Will surely be success.

And, for the rest, all earthly gains
Nature reluctant doles
As a reward for endless pains
Of brave, persistent souls.

IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

§ SANTA CLARA and its larger sister, San José, two and a half miles distant, are located in a longitudinal valley of the coast mountains, from eighteen to twenty-five miles wide, and eight miles from the head of San Francisco Bay. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem," so are they encompassed by them on every hand, and through a gap that fronts the bay comes the bracing sea-breeze. The soil of the valley is a rich, black loam, and there is no section of the State better adapted for fruit and grain raising, although Nature has been scarcely kind in her supply of water, rendering artificial irrigation necessary through the Summer months. This is effected by windmills drawing up the water from artesian wells, of which there are more than a thousand in the valley. The inner slope of the encircling mountains is well suited for grape culture. Of this fruit there are one hundred and twenty varieties in growth here, among which the "Rose of Peru," "Muscat," "Black Hamburg," "Zinfandel," and "Flame-colored Tokay," are but a few of the tempting names. The mountain slopes lying seaward are much sought after for grazing purposes, as the moisture from the sea-fogs promotes the growth of pasturage.

Santa Clara and San José—pronounced by Californians, San Hozay—are reached from San Francisco by going south-eastward about fifty miles on the San Francisco and San José Railroad, which is now extended twenty miles further, to Gilroy, and runs through varied and delightful scenery. Near Gilroy, in 1865, in a small rocky ravine of the Cayote Cañon, a Mexican shepherd, while searching for stray members of his flock, discovered the hot springs now acquiring an enviable fame for their medicinal qualities. Their waters have a temperature of 110°, and hold in solution iron, soda, magnesia, sulphur, and baryta. I am told that Gilroy is called after the first Anglo-Saxon resident of California, who lives, in hale old age, in a little adobe cottage, built forty years ago, at San Ysedre, a few miles from his flourishing namesake town.

The valley was originally explored, and the "Mission of Santa Clara" established, with the "Pueblo of San José" as its attendant military post and stock rancho, by Franciscan missionaries in 1776, only six years after Padre Junipero, the "pilgrim father" of the Pacific coast, first planted the cross at Monterey. Here they labored among the Digger Indians with zeal and some success. Tradition has it that their method of proselyting was vigorous and

unique, embracing the *lasso* among its persuasive instrumentalities. In after years, however, the fathers grew lax through their abounding riches. Their lands and cattle accumulated almost to excess, being compulsorily cared for by their Indian herdsmen. Zeal for souls began to languish; dissensions arose, and decay succeeded the old prosperity. Not far from 1850 the Jesuits entered upon the field of their Franciscan brethren, and now have a strong foothold in the valley. The conventual Academy of Notre Dame, at San José, and the Jesuit College of Santa Clara, are respectively the two finest schools of their faith on this coast. It is said that Pius, the "Infallible," looks toward Santa Clara as a refuge in case of his ultimate dislodgment from his present tottering seat, and that money is waiting in Catholic vaults to build here a new St. Peter's, that shall match the old in immensity of size and splendor. The importance, and, at the same time, the difficulty, of establishing at this point a large and powerful Protestant school will be appreciated. The enterprise was put in operation by the California Conference nearly nineteen years ago; many able men have labored here from time to time, and strong names are still pledged to its success.

The original buildings of the Catholic mission were destroyed by flood in 1779, and being rebuilt were again destroyed in 1781, this time by earthquake. Erected a third time, they remain in partial preservation to this day. The old mission church, built mainly by contributions from the Indian converts, is incorporated with the Jesuit College property, but still in use as a parish church, and its influence is evidently felt among the few remaining natives; for, being drawn thither by curiosity at the celebration of high mass on Easter Sunday, I saw several stalwart Diggers in attitudes of sanctity, mingling with the crowd of Spanish, German, Irish, and American worshippers.

But a fairer monument to the memory of the Franciscan fathers than this dark, ill-ventilated pile of adobe clay, is the "Alameda"—shady walk—a goodly avenue of willows planted by their hands in 1790, and designed to shelter the "faithful" in their devout perambulations, bareheaded, between the Pueblo and the mission. This avenue, with its grateful shade, now forms a delightful thoroughfare for Protestant and Catholic alike. It is lined on either side with tasteful, flower-encompassed homes, and its level length is traversed by a line of street-cars, making San José and Santa Clara easily accessible from each other.

In one of the homes just mentioned, lives the

family of the lamented Rev. G. R. Baker, formerly of the Cincinnati Conference, whose memory is cherished by all interested, as that of one of the most efficient friends of the University of the Pacific. It was during his agency, and by his prudent negotiations, that a fine tract of land on the Alameda, originally embracing four hundred acres, was secured to the school as an endowment. A part of this is on sale in building lots, part is retained for further advance in prices—which must inevitably be—while on twenty acres, reserved for a campus, a fine new college building is in process of erection.

The home of Mrs. Baker is a double ranch-house, once the residence of Commodore Stockton, and its frame-work was ordered by him from the East and shipped around Cape Horn, in the early days of California enterprise. Upon the garret rafters may be distinctly seen the figures traced by those who hewed them, to indicate to the framers the corresponding joints, and when once the materials arrived at their destination, the house-building was accomplished in a few days and moonlight nights.

Within the hospitable walls of this relic of pioneer times, I listened to an incident of Bishop Kingsley's sojourn on this coast last year, related by Mrs. B., and which I afterward solicited in writing, in order that I might give you his language *verbatim*. It was during brother Baker's last illness that the Bishop's visit occurred, and making a farewell call upon this friend of other days, just previous to his departure for Asia, he discoursed with him long and sweetly. At length, rising to leave, he took the sick man's wasted hand tenderly in his own, and said, "Brother Baker, you are almost home. Your feet are touching the water. *And it will not be long before I hail you on the other shore!*" This may have been but the natural utterance of a soul weighing justly the temporal against the eternal years; and yet *it may be* that "the Spirit showed him in that hour the things that must shortly come to pass."

While yet a stranger in Santa Clara, an event occurred which "marks an epoch"—as the geologies of my school-days were wont to say—in my California experience. On Thursday, February 17th, while seated at our lunch-table at the University of the Pacific, we experienced a distinct and unmistakable earthquake! The building temporarily occupied by the University is a large, rambling, frame structure, ceiled instead of plastered, and with elastic joints, well calculated for safety at such a time, but rendering its inmates peculiarly liable to feel the swaying motion of the ground.

The approach of this interesting elemental "show" was heralded by a heavy, scrambling sound, apparently against the floor on the under side, and my first unreasoning thought was that a mob of men were struggling in mortal combat immediately below me. We rose with a sudden impulse, but it did not occur to me to connect the phenomenon with the dreaded name of earthquake till there began a trembling and rocking that is wholly indescribable. "Keep your seats," said the President, with kind authority, and we sat down, feeling that we were indeed in the grasp of the Titans, and must await their grim pleasure for our release. A glance at the pallid faces of all around me was any thing but re-assuring, and just then the door-bell rang, moved by no mortal volition, and it seemed as if Doom were standing close outside, clamoring to be ushered in!

In twenty seconds the agony was over, and the cheerful play of spoons and forks began again. But I envied a little Miss opposite me, who finished her lunch with a *splendid cry* when the danger was well past. I felt that she expressed my sentiments in a "neat and appropriate" manner.

I am glad, on the whole, to have had this experience, for it makes me feel "acclimated," as it were, to California life. I am no longer "a pilgrim and a stranger" among this people, but have accepted the same conditions of life with them, and am entitled, henceforth, to say "*we*," not "*they*." Two slighter shocks that have since occurred I have rather enjoyed than otherwise, nor am I without that deepening faith in the Heavenly Father that can cheerily trust his care.

"Yea, though the earth's foundations rock, may we commit our souls and bodies unto thee as unto a faithful Creator," my mother used to pray, kneeling at night-fall in the "Long Ago," among her little, fatherless band; and the restful influence of that petition broods over me yet like a winged spirit—one of God's own encamping angels, whose white tents I sometimes fancy I can see when the night clouds shine softly in the twilight on these engirding mountain-tops.

The transition from Winter to Spring in the valley was early but gradual, if indeed that may be called a transition, which is but the adding of one note to another in the perpetual anthem of the year. In this intensely vital climate Nature never wholly rests, but makes her nearest approach thereto in the late Summer and early Autumn months. Then the Fall rains come, and knock with their soft pit-patter against the roots of any flora that may be caught indulging

in a light "cat-nap." Now one and then another responds, so that there is no time in all the year when our tables are quite without the floral tributes of our scholars, but it is not till February that the full chorus of color and growth begins, the trees joining their tenor and bass to the airy treble of the flowers. The rain of the Fall and Winter months is by no means constant, as I once supposed. It may better be expressed as a "liability to rain," and is intermitted with much sunny weather. The fear of Californians is, always, that too little rain may fall rather than too much; but Providence holds the key, and silences the doubters by a better season each year than was predicted at some stage in its course.

I shall not soon forget my joyful surprise when, away back in the nominal reign of Winter, while listening incredulously to the shivering comments of older Californians at the unusual severity of the season, and instinctively waiting for what I called cold weather to begin, I smelled in the air that faint, delightful odor which tells us that mother earth is opening stealthily her treasure-chests of balsam and myrrh to greet the incoming of Spring. Every pulse thrilled with joy, for better than any other pleasure of the senses do I love

"The fresh, sweet smell of the green things growing."

Each day thereafter brought new revealings, and by March the footsteps of the goddess were glorious in the valley. First the mountain sides grew gay with bell-flowers and wild poppies, then the gardens flushed with early roses or paled with almond-blossoms, while the orchards were one vast bouquet. By and by "the pomegranates budded, and the vines gave forth a tender smell," the old adobe walls of the monastery garden were starred with the mystic passion-flower, and the hedge-rows were balmy with the fair Castilian rose. A delicate fancy of our ladies in the way of a sofa pillow is to have one stuffed with the leaves of this sweetest of roses. They retain their perfume for years. But there is one softer pillow that we may not press; the grassy turf, so dear in memory, will not abide the long dryness of our Summers, and, when found at all, is but a few feet of carefully inclosed space in some rich man's garden, kept green by constant irrigating, and hedged in with the prohibition, "Visitors must not tread on this grass."

The garden roses are marvelous for size and richness, and they take unto themselves such gorgeous names as "Cloth of Gold" or "Giant of Battles," and thus this flower has lost for me its old significance of coy lovingness, belonging

to the days when I nursed my tea-roses tenderly through the long Ohio Winters. It has grown a warrior-flower, and emulates the gleaming hues of "the red planet Mars." O, that I might take whole armfuls of this magnificent bloom and bear it, all fresh and thrilling the air with its odor, to where our hero soldiers are lying in their "silent tents"

"On Fame's eternal camping ground!"

Amid all this luxuriance of nature, come with me for a drive along the willow-shaded Alameda. A dreamy sense of our long-gone childhood steals over us as we glide through the vista of interlacing boughs, and as unto the youth in Longfellow's delightful poem, even so to us do "the green leaves whisper" as we pass. But a remembrancer of "this earthy earth" will come with emphasis if we are making our stay in the valley during the Summer months. To be sure, we Californians do not mind a little dust, having chosen our season's wardrobe with reference thereto, and, besides, we consider the clothes-brush exercise, every few minutes, as a healthy and agreeable form of light gymnastics; but I would recommend some ample wrap of linen over your silk or broadcloth. Very soon we reach the queen city of the valley, San José. Entering there on almost any day you may chance of all the year, you will be sure to think it a public day, from the number of vehicles and countrymen on the streets, interspersed with as trim-looking business men and handsomely dressed women as we meet in our Eastern cities. Santa Clara-street is the main business thoroughfare, though sharing the bustle of traffic largely with the cross streets, Market, First, Second, and Third. Let us go first to the Auzerais House, than which no hotel on the Pacific slope is better appointed or more widely popular; and sitting in the cool parlor we will regale ourselves with the fruits of the valley; grapes, in thickly studded bunches, two feet long, and of six to eight pounds weight; plums nearly the size of a hen's egg; pears weighing from one to two pounds, and luscious to the core; apricots, figs, peaches, of girth larger than a goblet's brim; enormous cherries, with black, delicious hearts; strawberries, two bites to a berry—all these used to sound to me at home like a traveler's idle tales, but they are delightfully real to me now.

After this little season of refreshment we will go at once to the court-house, for I am eager to show you, from its cupola, the unrivaled view of the valley. Nearing the edifice you will see that it is finer than many of our State capitols in the East. It is built in Corinthian style, of

stone, brick, and iron, at a cost of \$150,000; ground size, 140 by 100; and height, to top of dome, 115 feet. The court-room within is beautifully finished, 38 feet in height, and lighted from the ceiling with ground glass. Over the judge's seat is arched the motto, doubly golden in sentiment and in lettering, "JUSTITIÆ ET CLEMENTIÆ." Going up the winding stair-way to the summit of the dome, we shall be almost sure to meet some "gay, guiltless pair" descending hand in hand; for in city or country throughout the State, so it is laughingly affirmed, no young couple feel themselves duly launched on the great deep of matrimony till their honeymoon trip has embraced a pilgrimage to this particular spot overlooking "San José the beautiful;" and some cantankerous old bachelor has christened the observatory "Fool's Paradise." We will sit down leisurely, and welcome the salt sea breath that tempers the fervent sun heat, while looking far below us we see the square-roofed houses, and multifarious business of ten thousand people, from among which numerous schools and eleven churches rise nobly upward. Of the latter the Methodist Episcopal is the finest and most modern, while the Church South looks ancient and discouraged. In one direction lies the unsavory Chinese quarter, yonder is the new site for the State normal school, while on the Plazo near by us the ubiquitous game of base-ball is being played by a brace of noisy nines. A little to the north and eastward lie the pleasant towns of Santa Clara and Centerville. Along the wide street fronting the court-house a Mexican rides by on his wiry, dun mustang; a little "Fifteenth Amendment" goes erectly past, carrying the reddest of red roses to his teacher; a row of Chinese follow, each with a burden carried on his shoulder at either end of a bamboo pole; now a four-horse stage, connecting some neighboring town or "Springs" with the three railroads converging at this point, rushes tumultuously onward, with no rest day in all the seven; and now a carriage load of Spanish ladies and their cavaliers arrests our attention by the faint, floating sound of mellow words and laughter, as they wend their way to some turreted house in the distance.

Extending our vision to the remote borders of the landscape, we see to the northward the mountains of Marin county, with San Francisco, its bay and shipping, lying at their feet; to the east, the Monte Diablo range; to the west and south the "Coast Mountains," and a little west of south the works of the New Almaden Quicksilver Mine, fourteen miles distant.

Thus I have given you an imperfect outline of the visual treat, but for the *filling in* that

clothes and beautifies the whole, let me refer you to the delightful Cronise in his authentic work on the "Natural Wealth of California," published by Bancroft, San Francisco, 1868. Pencil in hand upon this charming spot, he says, "Here may be seen the strange, but beautiful shrubs and flowers from Japan and China, the gum and acacia trees from Australia, the geranium and fuchsia from the south of Europe, the rose, box, and holly from England, the blackthorn from Ireland, the lily from France, the pink and carnation from Germany, the tulip from Holland, the currant and fig from Greece, the olive and grape from Italy and Portugal, the glorious magnolia and camellia japonica from the 'Sunny South,' and the sturdy pine from the cold North, all blooming and growing in the genial open air beside the cactus and palm, the cypress, cedar, and sequoia, and other beautiful indigenous trees and plants of the Pacific coast, forming a variety of foliage not to be seen outside of California, and a sort of floral representation of the cosmopolitan character of the population of the State."

Just as we re-enter Santa Clara on our homeward ride, we shall pass the cluster of imposing buildings that appertain to the Jesuit College, above mentioned; and since the interior of an establishment of this class is a *terra incognita* to many intelligent eyes, you will, perhaps, enjoy a slight detail of its arrangements.

It is a school of two hundred boys, or more, presided over by numerous "fathers," and the household duties performed by lay-brethren. The ranks of its students are recruited quite as largely from our so-called *Protestant* citizenship as from the fold of the "faithful," but the injury to be apprehended from its influence over its pupils, is not so much their being proselyted to the Catholic belief as that a contemptuous skepticism of all religions shall be settled in their minds; for the average California boy is naturally incredulous, and quick to discern deception and intrigue. However, all that meets the eye of a casual visitor, in that great monastic school, is complete, orderly, and refining. I have a really delightful memory of an hour passed, in company with a lady friend, in examining the buildings and grounds under the escort of a sweet-voiced Italian father. We two were out for a ramble, and passing the college, saw by the open doors that it was a visiting day. Not reflecting at the moment that an attending gentleman friend was doubtless a prerequisite on such occasions, and we ourselves being rarely at liberty on the conventional Thursdays, when a world lying in wickedness are admitted within those precincts, sacred to

the training of frisky young neophytes in science and *art*—including, most thoroughly, the art of deception—we went up to the door, clothed upon with our Puritan simplicity, and asked the lay-brother who admitted us if we could see the college. He ushered us into the great parlor, handsomely furnished, and its walls decorated with such cheerful and improving Scripture scenes as that of the eccentric damsel of Herod's household receiving, in full dress, the head of "*John the Baptist in a charger!*" Disappearing, he returned with a handsome, rather youthful monk, clad in long black robe, and leathern girdle, with rosary attached, and holding in his hand a light, round-crowned leg-horn hat. The studious sanctity of his demeanor could not hide the lines of gentle blood in his fine, oval countenance, and I mentally placed him as some younger son of a noble but decayed Italian house, to whom no career but that of the Church was open; for the stately bow with which he saluted us savored decidedly more of the court than the cloister. We followed him up the massive staircase, passing on our way the white-haired President of the college, Father Varsi, who wheeled gravely around from us, beads in hand, as if to say, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity." The library, the studio, the dining-room, the wardrobe, the long dormitory, with its rows of snowy-appareled couches, the hospital, the study-rooms of the various sections, were each in turn glanced in upon. Passing by one of the latter, our guide said, speaking then, as in all our conversation, with that winsome Italian accent, inimitable in print, but now with a strong gesture of repugnance, "In one hour from this time it will be my duty to come into this room as prefect, and watch over the older boys at their studies."

"You don't seem to relish the idea particularly, father," said I.

"I would like it better if the boys were better," he naively answered.

Then we went round into their library, containing twelve or fifteen thousand books, chiefly Catholic, but here and there I discovered a few of my own loved historians and poets. As a curiosity, he showed us a vellum prayer-book, centuries old, with iron clasps and illuminated Latin text, brought over from Spain for the early Indian converts. The devotions of these high-toned gentlemen were, no doubt, assisted to an edifying degree by this classic relic.

To our cultured guide, however, it was obviously an object cherished with appreciative love. Turning reverently its leaves, he said, "The prayers of the Church are all very beautiful."

"Yes, father," I replied; "here is an old favorite of mine. Please read it for us in the Latin." And with his liquid Southern accent he intoned the majestic rhythm of the "*Dies Iræ*."

"Now the '*Stabat Mater*,'" and that too he found and read, gratified apparently with his novel audience, for he turned at the close and smiled, with that rare student light in his countenance that charms one so in man or woman. With what magic did that transforming smile overleap the boundaries of alien blood and alien faith! And for the moment the man stood before me a brother, with whom I might see eye to eye, and talk of the things that are truest and best.

"Father," I said, "how came you here, so far from your own Italy?"

"I was in England last year on a mission of the Church, and one day the command came to me, 'Go to Santa Clara,' and next morning I was on my way to shipboard."

"You had fewer trunks to pack, perhaps, than we ladies when we go traveling."

"Nothing whatever. We priests have no possessions of our own. We ourselves are not our own. We have given all, all to the Church, and are as her soldiers, to come and to go at her command."

"But, father," I ventured, hesitatingly, "if it is a fair question to ask you, I would really love to know, are you happy in this life of self-renunciation? Does the glory of the Church so fill your soul that there is no room to be weary or lonely, and sometimes to wish for the life that other men count happy?"

He turned his face toward the open window silently, and I forbore to follow with my glance, but my friend standing opposite, and watching eagerly for his reply, told me afterward that his cheeks flushed vividly. Perhaps, in that instant's pause, some starved and abjured affection avenged itself on his memory—some sweet signora's face, sadly tender, may have made the transit of that vision fixed gravely on the distant hills.

"I will show you the old mission church if you would like," he said courteously, after a little interval; and passing down stairs, and across the court-yard, we entered its gloomy shadow. In a twinkling I missed our guide, and saw instead only a kneeling statue with drapery carved in ebony and clasped on its breast. Instinctively I bowed my head, daughter of the Pilgrims though I am, and shared this man's petition, if haply it might be no mere form, but a true outpouring of the heart to its veiled Redeemer. Soon he rose and went around

with us to each point of interest, explaining in a whisper all, and more than all, we asked. He opened the confessional and disclosed the respective places for priest and penitent, showed where the faithful bring their offerings to the Virgin's shrine, explained the symbolic ceremonies attendant on high mass, and at last he paused with us before a picture of Santa Clara, patroness of the valley—a young, fair face, though with eyes somewhat too painfully upturned to make the beholder feel entirely comfortable. She lived during the twelfth century, he told us, in one of the southern provinces of France, a lady of noble birth and fortune, who gave up the world in her fresh and happy youth, and retired into the special service of Christ, as abbess of a convent founded by her means. Turning pointedly toward me he added, "The Church has promised to all such that their reward shall be on high. They give up this world that they may attain unto the life immortal," and I felt that my question in the library had found its answer.

Then we passed out into the sunshine, more sacred by far than that moldering, pictured gloom, and walked through the pleasant courtyard that forms the monastery garden. A palm-tree gave us its apostolic benediction as we passed down the walk to where a statue of St. Joseph—San José—stands guard over a fountain with a group of gold fish disporting themselves in its marble basin. Then the monk brought us some passion-flowers from the garden wall, showing us part by part, with its symbolic meaning. "The pistils represent the three nails, our old traditions say; the five stamens, the five wounds; the receptacle to which they are attached is the holy cross of crucifixion; these purplish rays proceeding from its base, the crown of thorns; the twelve petals—there are twelve in every perfect flower, though ten is the more common number—the twelve disciples; the three sepals are the days of the entombment, and the palmate leaves are our Savior's outstretched hands."

We took the sacred flowers with thanks, and were pleased when he added to them, by permission of the gardener, some slips of a cactus that was blooming gorgeously on a piazza facing the court-yard.

Then we passed through the archway into the outer garden, and so into the street, acknowledging from our guide another courtly bow, and a genial hand-grasp for good-by. In the instant while I stood waiting my turn, there came to my mind, with pleasure, what Dr. Haven said at Evanston in his eulogy of Bishop Thomson: "He acknowledged the Christianity

of Protestant, Roman Catholic, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic, and expressed his belief that all would yet become truly evangelical and pure." Thanks for this sentiment of true Catholicity from those buried lips—

"Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign
The Summer calm of golden charity!"

I made it mine by adoption in that soft, June sunlight which bathed us all in one golden glow; and into my heart there came a prayer that lingers yet, that when the Dies Iræ shall come—that great and terrible day—this man, our comrade of an hour, may hear with us the voice of Him, who alone hath power in earth or heaven, saying, "*Absolvo te; in gaudium tui Domini intra.*"

THE PALACES OF VENICE.

THE glory of Venice is in its palaces; to the eye they are pleasing, to the taste they address themselves with peculiar power, and to the lover of art they present a never-failing subject of study. It is almost impossible to examine any of the older buildings, even externally and toward the canals, without finding something of palatial interest, and some indications of the wonderful taste of mediæval Venetian architecture. These indications peep out, now in windows and window traceries, now in capitals of columns, now in cornices. Not unfrequently they occur in the small interior courts, and especially in the staircases of these courts. Look, for example, at the architectural gems in the engraving. The palace itself is not very remarkable; but it is hardly possible to imagine a more picturesque group of staircase, arcades, balconies, and windows than is here represented. Without being regular or of any defined period, the whole is not only charming, but the details are good. It is this, which is one of the great and characteristic features of Venice, that renders the whole place so deeply interesting, and detains so long the lover of art. The whole atmosphere is redolent of art, and one can not turn without finding something new and striking, not so much in itself as in the associations connected with it. It is not necessary to inquire the history or date of such a group as that shown in the engraving. The taste is seen in putting together old things rather than in designing new. But how elegant and simple are the means for producing the result! There are plenty of straight lines and even of flat walls; there are arches round and pointed, large and small; there are columns with fantastic capitals, cornices, beadings, and moldings.

We mention and direct attention to all this variety with a special object. Let the reader enter a court-yard in any modern building, and he will find more regularity but fewer conveniences, and generally nothing picturesque; but in these mediæval houses the picturesqueness, as already pointed out, grew from the necessity of the case, and was never superimposed. There is nothing in all the beauty that has not its manifest use. We do not speak, of course, of the pointing of the arch and the elaborate sculpturing of the capitals of the columns as necessities in the ordinary sense; but the arch and the columns were needed, and the decoration merely completed and satisfied the cultivated eye of the proprietor, not having been introduced into the plan beforehand for the glorification of the architect. It is much to be regretted that there is not a closer study of this great school of Venetian art by the architects of modern times. A little reference to those principles which in the art of painting are called *Preraphaelite*, might improve the taste both of the public and the architect.

The Ducal Palace, the crowning ornament and glory of Venice, dates from the close of the Byzantine period, and may be said to separate this from the Gothic period of Venetian art. It was the great work of its period, employing the best architects for its masonry, and the best painters for its decoration, for a long series of years. It seems to have detained for a time the taste and style adopted at the commencement of the building, and kept back the advance of the succeeding style then becoming adopted in other parts of Northern Italy. After its completion the Gothic taste prevailed, till it was in its turn superseded by that of the Renaissance.

This palace is in form a hollow irregular square, adjoining the north side of St. Mark's Basilica, of which it thus seems to form a part. The three other sides have façades, one toward the Piazzetta, the two others toward canals. The plan of the building is perfectly simple, but it can not fail to strike the eye of any one looking at the building from the south, which is the principal front, that the style of that façade is exceedingly unusual. It is, in fact, composed of a smooth face of wall, sustained on two tiers of pillars one above the other. This wall is pierced by six windows placed unsymmetrically, the two on the right being lower than the others. In the center is a large window to the ground, opening on a balcony, and looking toward the sea. The side windows are on the same level.

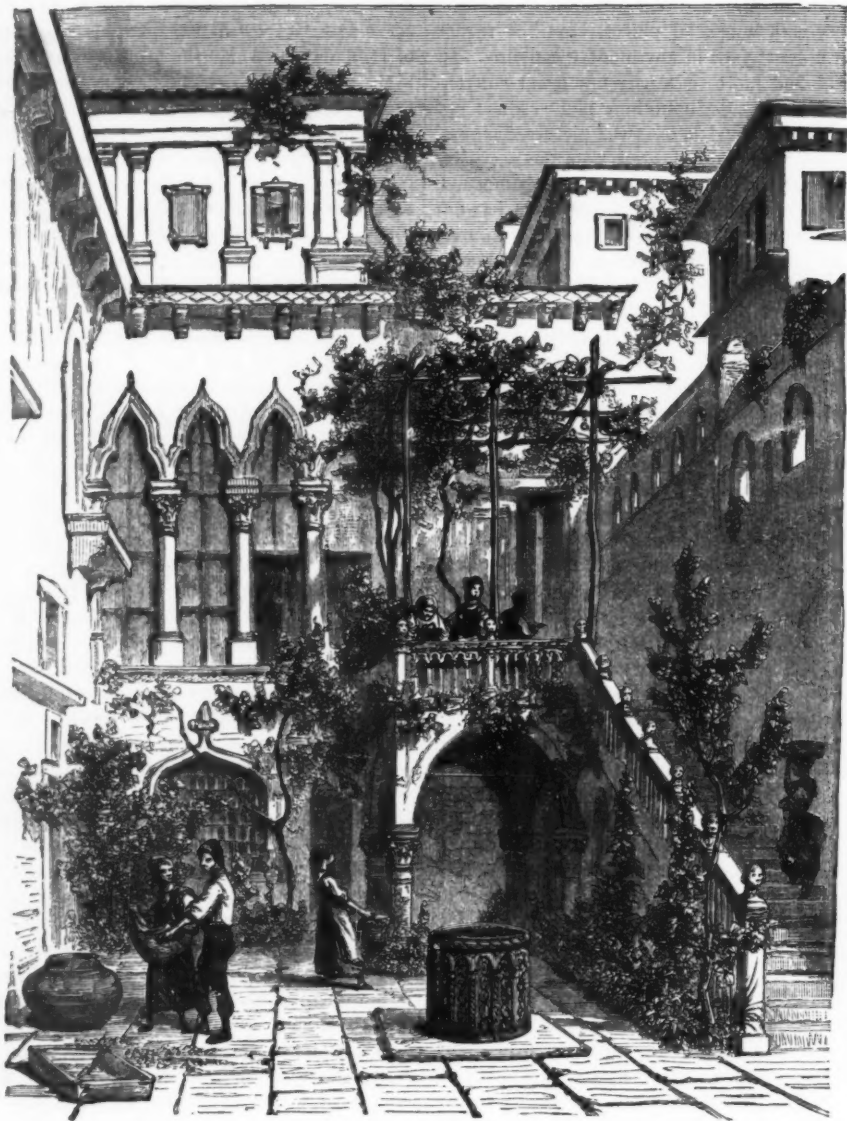
This peculiar arrangement of the façade was

caused by the demand for a magnificent hall to serve as a Grand Council Chamber. The part of the palace in which the lower windows occur is the older, and as the new chamber, added in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was to be adorned with the best paintings of the best masters in Venice, it was thought more important to raise the light near the gorgeous roof of this chamber, and to put it into the room in simple masses for the sake of the paintings, than to follow symmetry and adopt a uniformity, which is indeed almost inconsistent with true Gothic feeling.

All the beautiful work of this façade, including the windows and the rich arcades of the lower story, seems to have been originated and commenced about 1340; but it has been frequently refitted, and parts of the wall rebuilt. The building was finished in 1400, after many interruptions from plague and rebellion; but the Grand Council did not sit in the finished chamber for the first time till 1423. The building was then called the *Palazzo Nuovo*, a name which it still retains. Soon after the completion of this addition, and the opening of the Grand Council Room, the old building, which was pure Byzantine, was destroyed, and the new façade, toward the Piazzetta, built on the same plan as the sea front, and finished rapidly. The greater part of the new building is, however, in the Renaissance style, and by no means corresponds in interest with the rest. There is, however, marvelous beauty in the details of the work even in this part of the building.

There is an appearance of dwarfishness about the columns of the lower tier on the front of the Ducal Palace toward the sea, which somewhat injures the effect. These columns were not on separate plinths, but were raised on a continuous base, and this is now buried under the pavement, in consequence of the gradual sinking of the soil and the island—a sinking which appears to have averaged about three inches in a century during the last five centuries. There is thus fifteen inches of the height of the columns lost. In the time of the Republic, the lower gallery or piazza under the palace was the resort of the noble Venetians; and it is recorded by an English traveler of that time that "it was only in this place and at council that they had opportunities of meeting, as they seldom visited openly or at each other's houses, and secret meetings would give umbrage to the State inquisitors."

The principal entrance of the Palazzo is from the Piazzetta, through the passage called the *Porta della Carta*. Immediately opposite, and seen through the *Porta*, is a celebrated marble



PALACE TALVIALI, VENICE.

staircase, with two gigantesque figures of Mars and Neptune at the head of the staircase known as the *Scala dei Giganti*—Giants' Staircase. The coronation of the Doge was formerly performed at the head of this stair, and near this point are the lions' mouths of marble placed to receive anonymous communications concerning the public men of the Republic. After ascending two flights of stairs, the rooms are entered which lead to the Council Halls. The larger of these, measuring about 176 feet long, 84 broad, and 51 high, retains its ancient decora-

tions unaltered. Among these are numerous admirable pictures by Tintoretto, Bassano, Zuccaro, Paolo Veronese, J. Palma, and other great Venetian masters. The general effect of the interior may be judged of by reference to the illustration, where the Renaissance style of the decorations is very prominent.

There are many other noble halls in this great building besides the Great Council Room, but none of them are equal to this. Indeed, few such magnificent apartments can be found in any public building. The series of large halls

includes the Library of St. Mark, commenced by Petrarch, and since become very rich in valuable manuscripts. Four of the halls were devoted to an arsenal, which is abundantly furnished with arms and ammunition. One of the series served as a chapel. Besides these, the apartments of the palace included the *Sotto Piombi*, supposed to have been used as prisons, but merely a series of small attics, no doubt very hot in Summer, but not otherwise uncomfortable, and now used as sleeping-rooms. From one of the rooms of the Palace there was an entrance to the celebrated Bridge of Sighs, which communicated with the public prisons on the other side of a small canal.

The palaces of the great Venetian nobles, deserving notice on account of their architecture, are exceedingly numerous. Commencing with those of older date, we must not omit the *Ca d'oro*—*Casa d'oro*, or *Doro*, so called either from the gilt ornamentation of the façade, or from the fact that the house belonged to the family of the Doro. This building is one of the most elegant Italian Gothic constructions in existence; its date is the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and it is in very fair condition. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and richness of the ornamentation, which is chiefly of the Arab style, the pointed arch, however, replacing the horseshoe of the Moors. It is now greatly injured by restorations, and its beautiful internal staircase, the most interesting Gothic monument in Venice, has been removed. The windows of the upper story, especially the capitals of the columns, are perhaps the best parts remaining. They are of the fourteenth century. The window traceries are later, but parts of the moldings are Byzantine.

Another specimen of Venetian Gothic is the Palazzo Ferro, which is small, but well situated on the Grand Canal. The richly decorated frontage of this palace forms a very attractive object. The portal, with its recessed arch supported on twisted columns, surmounted by a complicated and almost fantastic capital of enormous dimensions, is lofty and majestic. Viewed from the canal, the height of the lower floor to the level of the balcony, which projects considerably from the upper or principal floor, is seen to be nearly the same as that of the two lower floors of an adjoining and more modern house to the left. It is very much greater than that of the handsome palace beyond on the other side. On the principal floor of the Palazzo Ferro the whole width of the house is occupied by three windows, and, owing to the great loftiness of the apartments, the light is not interfered with by the massive and far-pro-

jecting balconies on the upper floor, which are a part of the construction of the house, and are supported by enormous and richly sculptured brackets. On the lower floor the balcony is single; on the upper, two windows replace the three, and each has its own projection. In this way nothing is lost of the space, and the whole façade becomes one varied but connected design, whose meaning and use are easily recognized. The heavy and massive cornice keeps together the whole plan, and gives shelter as well as effect. The group of four palaces here all in view at once is highly illustrative of the style of house architecture of the Middle Ages, and illustrates the foundation of all picturesqueness. However striking its general plan may be, and however well laid out for general effect, no city can satisfy the eye of the artist which has not a vast amount of variety in its detail. That every street, and each house in every street, should be on the same plan, is monotonous and fatiguing in the extreme. Where each has some individuality, and, therefore, no two are exactly alike, there are at least the elements of the picturesque. As a specimen of style, the Palazzo Ferro is alluded to by Mr. Ruskin as hard and bad.

The Palazzo Pisani, built late in the fifteenth century, is one of the last specimens of Arabesque Gothic, the general outline being Gothic, but the detail manifesting the effect already produced on the artistic feeling of Venice by the works of the Renaissance rapidly rising around. The family of the Pisani, by whom this palace was built, was among the most illustrious of the Republic, but did not belong to the first order of nobility. In the year 1379 Vittorio Pisani, a great naval commander, having been condemned to imprisonment by the senate for the loss of the battle of Pola, was brought from his dungeon at the demand of the people during the war of Chiozza, and led them to victory. The palace once contained the celebrated picture of Paolo Veronese, known as the Tent of Darius, now in England. Of this building the most striking feature is the deep and daring undercutting of the spirited and graceful capitals of the first-floor windows. Another specimen of very late Gothic, also passing into Renaissance, may be seen in a superb though partially ruined palace, fronting the little square called the Campo of S. Benedetto. It is described by Ruskin as unique in Venice, in masculine character united with the delicacy of the incipient style. The brackets of the balconies, the flower-work on the cornices, and the arabesques on the angles of the balconies, are especially noteworthy.

The Palazzo Contarini Fasan is another instance, like that of the Palazzo Ferro, of a small and comparatively unimportant dwelling-house dignified and made important by the good sense and genius of the architect. Taking the space he could obtain, and constructing rather with a view to comfort than effect—thinking, that is, of the use before the ornament—and then enriching the front with liberality and taste, he has succeeded in producing one of the principal ornaments of the noblest reach of the Grand Canal. It dates from the fourteenth century, and is an exquisite gem, which would be as much missed in Venice as the Church of the Salute.

A glorious palace of late Gothic—1380–1400—is to be found on a narrow canal in a part of the city now only inhabited by the lower classes, and is known as the Palazzo Bernardo. It is of the finest kind, and superb in its effect of color when seen from the side. The decoration of the interior court has been also very much admired, and is certainly very elegant. This and a number of other palaces are more or less imitations of the Ducal Palace. The Palazzo Foscari was till lately the best example of this in Venice, but, except the stone-work of the main windows, it is entirely rebuilt. The adjoining building, the Palazzo Giustiniani, is a similar instance, and in it the rich detached windows are the most interesting remains. The Hotel Danieli, formerly a palace, is equally beautiful, and is quite unique in the delicacy of the cusps in the central group of windows. The Fondaco dei Turchi, a mixed Byzantine and Venetian building, with much of Moorish sentiment in the ornamentation, is a good instance of the work of the same period. This building was originally designed as a factory, where business could be transacted and goods safely stored, and was one of several similar institutions established by the merchants of Venice in its best days. When circumstances changed, and such buildings were no longer needed, it was sold to the Republic, and is now used as a store for tobacco.

The true Renaissance palaces of Venice are not numerous; one of them is the Palazzo Cavalli, opposite the Academy of Arts. (There is another Palazzo Cavalli adjoining the Post-Office, which is a fair specimen of Gothic of the Ducal Palace type.) There is little in the details of this building, but it is an imposing pile, and has good balconies, which are, however, Gothic. The Palazzo Correr Spinelli, on the Grand Canal, is a graceful and interesting example of the period, remarkable for its pretty circular balconies. The most important build-

ing of this style is the old Library—*Libreria Vecchia*—commenced in 1526, and designed in the true central Renaissance style. The proportions are good, and although the faults of construction are very serious, the general effect is graceful and effective. The most powerful and impressive of the Renaissance works in Venice is, however, the Palazzo Pesaro, on the Grand Canal. It belongs to the Grotesque period, and the heads are particularly clever. Some of the mingled expressions of the faces, and those of the grinning helmets, are particularly striking.

We have endeavored, in this account of some objects of architectural interest in Venice, to place prominently forward the fact that there were certain principles of art involved, not only in all the most important constructions, but in the private residences of the wealthy merchants of the mediæval city. For these palaces are, after all, no more than the private town houses of these merchants. They are for the most part of small size, and adapted not so much to receive society as to serve as habitations for families. They were not built to be ornaments of the city, but rather to suit the individual taste, feeling, and resources of the person who required to live in them. They were not ornamented and decorated so much for the benefit of others as for the pleasure of the owner, and so long as Venice remains a city they will serve as a model and type of all that is most beautiful and appropriate in domestic architecture.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

THERE is a touching tale of a little child whose home was in a large city, poorly supplied by water, and this water to be obtained only by money; thus the very poor grew accustomed to an habitual scarcity of the precious beverage. This little boy lay parched with fever, and to his anguished cry of "water!" "water!" the loving mother could only respond by homeopathic doses, and sometimes by none at all.

The boy recovered and grew to manhood; yet he never forgot that suffering season, and deep in his heart, unknown to all but his Maker, he formed a resolve to hoard, to accumulate money, that he might be the means of bringing to his native city an abundant supply of pure water; that the little healthy children might enjoy the gushing fountain, and the loving mother, bending over the fevered one, might not only give to drink, but might freely lave the parched flesh in the life-giving fluid.

This desire he accomplished; though at the cost of all the comforts that most men value in life. He worked hard, he spent only for the barest necessities, and every cent was carefully hoarded. He saw other men marry, and build themselves homes; he saw their children growing up "like olive plants around their tables," but for him there must be no loving companion, no little children, no pleasant fireside. The very children for whom he was spending his life, followed him in the street, laughing at his uncouth dress and ungainly person. He was known to the town as a miser, and the friends of his youth deserted him, yet steadily he pursued his way. Just as he had amassed enough to accomplish his purpose, death came; but in his will his life was justified, and many who had passed him coldly by during his struggle, shed loving tears over his grave.

I think the city was Marseilles, but of that I am not sure; yet when I read of Friedrich Froebel, the German educator, I somehow always connect him, in my mind, with this true-hearted laborer and sufferer. He brought to poor, school-tortured little children such freedom from tyranny, such happy hours of beautiful occupation, and harmonious mental and moral growth; while, at the same time, he himself suffered from government persecutions, and the misunderstandings of his friends, never reaching a position in which he was acknowledged as a benefactor until death had claimed him; that, knowing nothing of his early life, I am tempted to believe the resemblance still holds, and that he was led to spend his life for the relief of little children, because he had known a more than usually suffering and misunderstood childhood.

The limits of this paper forbid any thing like a general review of his system (for a proper appreciation of which much patient study is required), and I therefore propose to limit myself to one view of the subject. Froebel determined to watch little children, to study their natures and their wants, and to become to Nature her "humble interpreter and follower," that he might not needlessly offend one of these little ones whose angels behold the face of our Father who is in heaven.

Knowing that He who made the lilies of the fields and the wild flowers of the wood, has given to each a self-contained power of growth, yet despises not the assistance of human instrumentality, but bestows the most beautiful flowers and the most abundant fruit upon that gardener, who carefully studies the needs and requirements of each special plant, and adapts his treatment accordingly, Froebel reasoned that thus it is with human plants.

Hence the name of his schools, *Kindergartens*—Children's Gardens—his teachers are the gardeners; their work is to see that their plants are placed in the atmosphere of love, are surrounded by the conditions most congenial to childhood, and that nothing is allowed to interfere with their spontaneous development of good impulses and good habits, while the evil is to be carefully watched, and its causes studied and eradicated. This statement to the despotic minds of German Governments meant license, and not liberty, and so started his persecutions. A patient student of his plan, while he may object to some of his theological opinions, will find *this* objection to be unfounded.

The main object of this paper is to state that Froebel found—what every mother knows—that one prominent characteristic of childhood is *an innate desire for activity*, and to show how he met this desire. He watched the infant playing with brother's ball, or marble, or saw its bright smile at the snapping of nurse's fingers; he noticed its rude attempts at house-building with sticks, or shells, or moist sand on the sea-shore; its rude drawings, which developed little of the artistic talent, because unassisted by older and wiser heads; and all these observations led to the invention, or more correctly, the *discovery* of the most complete system of occupation for children that the world has even seen; and not only are children thus pleasantly occupied, but it is found that beautiful mental and moral lessons can be connected with these occupations. Just here allow me to say, that the *highest* mental development of which each individual is capable, can only be obtained in connection with a proper training of the moral powers.

To return to Froebel. He begins with furnishing each child with material for occupation; this material he calls "gifts," and the occupations he always designates as "plays." The first gift consists of seven colored balls, corresponding to the colors of the prism, made of India-rubber, and mother and children have many pleasant plays and conversations with them; but for this, and also for the second gift—which is a sphere, a cube, and a cylinder—I refer the reader to the books. A third gift, (which is adapted to the time when the little play-wearied one first begins to come to the mother, with the pitiful plea, "Do you know what I can do?") seems to me the first one which really deserves the distinctive appellation of occupation, the others being what Froebel rightly calls them, "plays."

This third "gift" is a box composed of eight little cubes, which, united, form one large cube, and from these eight little cubes the child be-

gins by forming what Froebel calls "forms of life," that is, forms which shall represent to his childish fancy any objects which he may see in real life; the teacher leads the way by showing the child one or two "forms," and allowing him to repeat them; afterward the child readily invents for himself, and one who is a stranger to the system will be surprised to find how many "forms of life" may be represented by these eight cubes; to be sure, some of these require considerable play of imagination on the part of the child, but this only increases the interest of the play; when the teacher introduces some form with which the child is not familiar, as when she builds "ruins," "castles," etc., it is easy to describe these objects in such a manner as shall interest it. A short story, narrated by way of an illustration, will give a keener relish to the employment, and if the child is requested, when building the same object again for itself, to repeat the story in its own words, another step in mental development is gained; its powers of observation and of correct expression are trained, if it is also required to state the difference between the form it has constructed, and the real object intended to be represented thereby. The table upon which the children build, is painted in squares, corresponding to the size of one of these cubes, and they are educated in habits of nicety and accuracy by being directed to place each block properly on its square.

"I was both amused," says Miss Peabody in her "Kindergarten Guide," "and instructed, when I was in Hamburg, by seeing a little table full of children, each taking a first lesson in the making of two chairs, by piling three cubes on each other for the back, and placing one in front for the seat, the Kindergarten going round so seriously to see if each block was properly adjusted and stood squarely. When, at length, all was done, the children took hold of hands and recited, simultaneously with the Kindergarten, a verse of poetry, and then sang it. I could not understand the words, but the conversation, while they were making the chairs, had helped the several children's fancy to seat their fathers, mothers, grandparents, or some other favorite friends in them, each child having been asked for whom he wished to make his chairs, which developed something of the domestic circumstances. None of the children were over four years old."

But when the children have exhausted these "forms of life" with the eight cubes, they have by no means exhausted the capabilities of the toy as a means of pleasant and profitable occupation. Now follows a symmetrical arrange-

ment of the blocks, making an almost endless variety of designs which Froebel calls forms of beauty.

As a preparation for this work the children are questioned till they understand which is the right and which the left side of the cube made by the eight blocks; which the front and which the back; which the upper and which the under side; how to divide the length, the height, the breadth, etc.—lessons of analysis sufficiently amusing, and giving precision to their use of words. The children thus learn that symmetry is more beautiful than confusion, and order than disorder. The reader who is pleased with the ideas here suggested, may follow them out in Wiebe's "Paradise of Childhood," which is accompanied by beautiful lithographed plates explaining the thing fully to the dullest comprehension. You understand that these symmetrical figures are invented by the children, the teacher only assisting and directing occasionally. It will be found in practice that the forms of beauty are quite as interesting as those of life.

The great secret of the charm of working out symmetrical forms is, that the mind is created to make, like the divine mind. "God geometrizes," says Plato. The generation of forms by crystallization, and by vegetable and animal organization, follows the laws of polarity. It was amusing to hear a little child cry out, "I can not find an opposite;" and when another had responded, "No matter, take this;" to hear the reply, "But, then, it will not make any thing."

But varied and interesting as these forms of beauty may be, we are not yet done with these little eight cubes; they may now be used in what Froebel calls forms of knowledge; these do not represent objects either real or ideal, but they instruct the pupil concerning the properties and relations of numbers; by these he learns to add, subtract, divide, and multiply; he learns to divide into halves and quarters, and if sufficiently advanced into eighths.

I have lingered so long over the third gift that I must make short work of the fourth, which consists of a cube differently divided, so as to form eight blocks, having the same proportions as a brick; by means of this the child forms a greater variety of forms than the cubes afforded. By these, also, he is enabled to understand more distinctly the meaning of the terms perpendicular and horizontal; he can be instructed in the law of equilibrium as by balancing one block over another, or the phenomenon of continuous motion, exhibited in the movement of a row of blocks, set on end, and gently pushed from one direction.

The forms of life which these little blocks can be made to represent, as given in the illustrations of Wiebe's "Paradise of Childhood," are many and various, as tombstones, crosses, monuments, winding stairs, tunnels, writing-desks, settees, sofas, etc. The same variations of forms of life, of beauty, and of knowledge, are used with this gift, and when the child has exhausted these a fifth gift follows.

The fifth gift consists of a cube twice divided, thus making nine cubes on one side, and three times nine, twenty-seven, in the whole cube; hitherto we have introduced into this occupation only the perpendicular and horizontal lines, now we find the slanting or oblique line introduced. This is done by dividing three of the twenty-seven cubes diagonally into half cubes, three others into quarter cubes; this additional form greatly facilitates the building operations.

Tables, chairs, sofas, beds, are the first objects the child builds. They are the objects with which it is most familiar. Then it builds a house in which it lives, speaking of kitchen, sleeping-room, parlor, and eating-room while representing it. Accompanying all these operations are lessons from the teacher, either engaging the child in an animated descriptive conversation in regard to the objects it is trying to represent, or giving an illustrating story, thus disciplining not only the mind, but developing the heart and strengthening each beautiful and noble feeling.

Froebel particularly warned his teachers against hurrying or overtaxing their pupils—"as soon as the child can not trace back the way you have led it in developing any of the forms of life and beauty; if it can not discover how it arrived at a certain point, nor how to proceed from it, the moment has arrived when the occupation not only ceases to be useful, but becomes positively hurtful, and such a result we should studiously avoid." The sixth gift is a large cube, containing doubly divided oblongs, and when we have exhausted this gift we have reached the end of the series of building blocks, whose aim is to acquaint the child with the general qualities of the solid body by its own observation and occupation. We now have tablets consisting of stout pasteboard; these tablets are contained in five boxes.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| A. Quadrangular square tablets. | } Triangular Tablets. |
| B. Right angular, (equal sides.) | |
| C. Right angular, (unequal sides.) | |
| D. Equilateral and | |
| E. Obtuse angular (equal sides.) | |

A superficial observer could scarcely fail to see the vast difference between the representations with the blocks and with the tablets;

with the blocks the child made a bodily representation, as it were, of the real object; he built a settee, which his doll could sit upon, etc.; with these tablets, which are planes and not solids, the child represents not a bodily form, but an image of the sofa on a flat surface—the tablet is an embodied plane.

I should fail, unless I went largely into detail, and occupied more space than I have at my command, in making the reader comprehend the various educational purposes for which these tablets may be used. The teacher proceeds slowly; places only a few tablets in the hand at first; accustoms the child to find perpendicular, horizontal, and parallel lines; teaches it to recognize right angles, etc. She adds a few more tablets, and the lessons grow in beauty and in complication; in using the tablets the pupil places them accurately in the net-work on the table. The child learns carefulness and dexterity by the precaution necessary to avoid disturbing the easily movable tablets—this is particularly the case when the whole number of tablets—sixty-four—is given him for the formation of more complicated figures, according to the free exercise of his own fantasy.

Leaving the tablet, or embodied plane, we take another step forward in the path, from the material and bodily to the more abstract forms. Our material for occupation now is staffs—these staffs are, you perceive, the embodied line, just as the tablet is the embodied plane. The staffs are one-twelfth of an inch in thickness, and are cut in various lengths. Wiebe's work, beginning with two staffs, gradually adds to the number one at a time, up to twelve or more, and the children form ladders, churches, steeples, flowers, pots, etc., until, as the number of their staffs increase, they lay quite a little picture, consisting of houses, fences, etc. A staff not entirely broken through but only bent, forms an angle; a number of such breaks enables the child to represent a curved or rounded line, thus introducing a new feature.

But by the time the children reach this state of development they begin to wish their creations to assume a more permanent and portable form; they would like to show them to their friends; they would like to look at them again and again themselves. This desire can be gratified by allowing them to wet the ends of their staffs with mucilage, and then place them on substantial paper. Arithmetic is now taught with these staffs. A child is furnished a package of ten staffs; with these he learns, placing one on the table and another by its side, that one and one are two; or, placing two pairs thus, (1 1 1 1,) that two and two are four; or, (adding

two more,) that four and two are six, etc.; the child thus learns to add by twos—reversing the process, we teach him to subtract. Then we have packages of ten staffs each; one set of ten is laid upon the table, and the child counts ten; another package, and the child counts twice ten; a third, and he counts three times ten; he is afterward supplied with the words, twenty, thirty, etc.; the pupil receives one package of staffs, lays them on the table, counting ten; then opening the other package, he lays them out singly, counting 10 and 1 = 11; 10 and 2 = 12, and so on till he has finished; and 10 and 10 = 20 staffs. Gathering the loose staffs, the child lays them beside the other package, and counts 20 and 1 = 21, etc., thus up to 100; he is also taught addition and subtraction within this limit. We have already mentioned that in laying many of the forms of life and beauty, it is necessary to divide the staffs; these divided staffs are very convenient in teaching fractions.

We have now reached the ninth gift. This differs from the previous one in being the representative of the curved or rounded line; we have before had the broken staff to represent, but imperfectly, the curve, but this gift consists of iron rings and half rings; by means of these his ideas of beauty are more fully developed, for the curve is the essential element of beauty. Both these and the forms laid by staffs are frequently copied by the children as drawing exercises, thus preparing them for the tenth gift, which is drawing material; we are beginning slowly to appreciate the advantage of learning to draw, yet a very few of those who nominally learn to draw, ever succeed in making it a real power in after life. The cause of this failure is attributed to wrong methods; here Froebel steps in with an entirely original method, and one which looks plausible: he calls it a "drawing in a net." A slate is ruled in indelible lines, forming one-quarter inch squares; the child is guided by these lines; the teacher draws a perpendicular line of one length—one-quarter inch—saying, I draw a line of a single length downward; the child is then required to do the same, the teacher explaining that she commenced exactly at the crossing point of the two lines and ended at a similar point: the child advances slowly until lines of four and five lengths are shown in the diagram—he is thus led to form a right-angled triangle, which may be represented in various positions, a square, etc., and in a manner which I despair of making plain to one who has not witnessed the "drawing in a net"—except by very profuse illustrations—he is taught to invent forms of beauty

and symmetry, first confining himself to straight lines, afterward admitting oblique ones, and gradually passing on to curves. It sounds tedious; in practice it is just the reverse. The reader who would see this drawing in a net beautifully illustrated and clearly explained should consult a work on The Kindergarten, by Dr. Adolf Douai.* When the pupil is considered sufficiently advanced, ruled paper, still in quarter-inch squares, replaces the slate; and the lead-pencil is used. To develop ideas of harmonious coloring, the more advanced pupils are allowed to use colored crayons.

Although we have stated that drawing is the eleventh gift, we do not mean that it is to be postponed until the other gifts are mastered; on the contrary, it is one of the earliest introduced.

The eleventh and twelfth gift are nearly allied—we have passed, you remember, from the solid to the embodied plane, from the plane to the embodied line, from the embodied line to the drawn line, and we now reach our final abstraction, the *point*. The child is furnished with a pricking or perforating tool, consisting of a strong, pointed needle inclosed in a handle, so as to project about a quarter of an inch. He pricks his way in the net paper, in a manner very analogous to the drawing; starting from a part, he is gradually led on to the more difficult, and his interest increases when he is allowed, with bright-colored worsteds and a needle, to unite these pricked points into a symmetrical whole.

The thirteenth gift consists of paper for cutting and mounting, in which the children's inventive faculties are still trained and their love for the beautiful constantly developed. It will be noticed that Froebel lays much stress upon this culture of love for the beautiful; is he not right?

Do we not constantly urge that such a love would save the adult from indulgence in gross tastes and sensual pleasures? Do we not insist that beautiful surroundings, such as lovely pictures, flowers, etc., enable one more fully to appreciate the good and true, and shall we not acknowledge such influences to be very powerful upon the tender and pliable soul of the child? We might surround him with beautiful works of art, but as yet it is incapable of appreciating these; but there are elements of beauty which it will recognize and appreciate, such as are order, cleanliness, simplicity, harmony of form, etc.

* The Kindergarten. A Manual for the Introduction of Froebel's System into the Public Schools, and for the use of Mothers. Dr. Adolf Douai. New York: E. Steiger.

The next gift, the fourteenth, seems specially adapted to the development of this love of harmony, both in form and color. Strips of colored paper are, by means of a steel needle of peculiar construction, woven into a differently colored sheet of paper, which is cut into strips throughout its entire length except a margin at each end, by which the strips are held in place. By the simplest of these weaving patterns, a fabric is produced composed of alternate squares like a checker-board. By modifying these a wonderful variety is produced, and the children are busily engaged in forming book-marks, lamp-mats, etc., which they are allowed to make as Christmas and birthday presents to friends.

The cheapest and also one of the most useful of all the gifts, is a simple sheet of paper for folding. Miss Peabody, in her "Kindergarten Guide," says that this must be learned from a practical kindergartner, as it is impossible for any book to describe it; but I am inclined to think that Wiebe in his "Paradise for Childhood" has mastered the difficulty, and that in connection with his beautiful illustrations, and by a close study of them, those of us who are uninitiated may gain the needed information. Without these illustrations I should fail, and I will only give my reader a short account of these valuable lessons, selected from Miss Peabody's Manual:


"Take a square paper and require the child to describe to you in accurate words a *square*. We suppose that the child is already familiar with the angles, right, acute, and obtuse, and he will soon be led to see and be able to say, that a square is a figure having four equal sides and containing four right angles; if he fail to perceive that the mention of the right angles is necessary to an accurate definition, you can make a rhombus to show him that this figure, though possessing four equal sides, is not a square, and he will soon be able to trace the difference, the square having four right angles and the rhombus having its angles, two acute and two obtuse. Then let him fold his square and so produce an oblong. Draw from him a statement of the difference between this and a square. Unfolding the oblong, allow them to fold the square diagonally, thus forming two equal triangles. Lead them to count the sides, the angles, etc., and to decide upon the angles, as to whether they are all alike—which is acute, which right, etc.—when they have thus analyzed the figure, give the name—triangle. Set up the triangle on its base, so that the equal sides may be in the attitude of the outstretched legs of a man, and teach them, after they have plainly seen the equality, that we may call it an *equal-*

legged triangle. The technical name will come afterward, later on in education; we are not now training a child's verbal memory, which would be a premature attempt, and thereby very fatiguing to the little one—a fact to which we are all prepared to testify from abundant personal experience—but we are training the perceptive powers, which are just ready to unfold, and we shall, therefore, meet with a ready response and a grateful appreciation."

I have already made this article too long. I have no space left to tell of the beautiful work by means of pointed wires inserted into softened peas; of the modeling in clay, nor of the bright, happy, harmonious out-of-door plays invented by Froebel for the moral culture and physical development of the plants in our garden.

Many American mothers will be gratified to learn that the material for these various occupations can now be purchased in America; each gift is put up ready for use, and can be obtained singly, if desired, of the firms who publish the Kindergarten works. I mention this fact to save my readers the annoyance and disappointment which was my own experience in attempting, years ago, a home-made set by one unaccustomed to the work.

"OUR BABY."

UR baby"—three families claim an equal interest in her—doting grandpapas and grandmamas, and new-made aunts and uncles use the dear little personal possessive pronoun with as much unction as the fond young parents themselves. For a while, however, the mother's claim is unquestionable paramount; the little one is shy of all other caresses, and nestles close in the arms that clasped her first and most tenderly. But never was queen or lady fair beset with courtiers more obsequious, or suitors more persistent, than those which now vie with one another in efforts to gain the favor of this tiny maiden. Gradually one after another succeeds in overcoming her shyness and parrying her incipient coquetry till her smiles are lavished in sunny profusion on all around, and the three homes are made bright by her presence, and merry with her laughter and innocent prattle. The first one who succeeds in keeping her ladyship serene and unruffled while the mother attends church, or goes out calling, is very proud of the achievement, and the whole circle claim the privilege by turns, till mamma is almost relieved of care, and baby scarcely knows which home is really hers. And what a ministry of blessing she bears for each

of the hearts that cherish her! To eyes that are growing dim with age she conjures up sweet visions of the happy time, long gone, when their own little ones sat upon their knees; when cherub forms played round them that now, may be, have joined the angel throng, or if not, are still more irrevocably gone to swell the ranks where

"Anxious men and weary women stand."

Lonely hearts, for whom these closer affinities with the sweet child-world have no existence, feel in her presence a spring-tide warmth and freshness; thoughts and feelings of unimagined tenderness spring up like flowers in an arid soil. Thoughtless young maidenhood finds a worthier love awakened than that for rings and ribbons, and childhood, won from its soulless toys, begins to learn one of life's holiest lessons.

Like the unfolding of some rare exotic flower, her gradual development is watched, and the whole loving circle kept apprised of the successive stages of progress. When she is able to sit alone, when she makes her first little timid journey from a chair to mamma's outstretched hand, when the dainty lips articulate with no uncertain sound the magic "papa," or "mamma," or "pitty," what wonderful eras these are, and what showers of kisses reward the little heroine for each achievement!

Strange by what unerring instinct, what methodical process these first lessons in life are acquired! The little one learns to talk by just the same steps her elders take in acquiring a foreign language. Beginning with the vowel sounds, she practices untiringly till these are mastered—will she show the same perseverance, by and by, with French and German? She rings nearly all the changes, not exactly in the order an orthoepist would dictate, but varying the list at her own sweet will, and giving prominence now to one, and now to another, as suits her fancy. She seems to fix upon some one or more as a medium of expression rather than a mere exercise—an Italian A, a long E or O, perhaps—and throws a world of earnest meaning into the simple sound. After a while she begins to join a consonant or two with some of her vowels, and puts herself unwittingly through the long list of "a-b-abs," which, by and by, she will learn to spell at school. At last, when the time is fully ripe, she begins to enunciate words consciously and attach ideas to them. And such ideas! How charming in their crudity and freshness, how simply wise, how sagely foolish! These sayings of "our baby" open a new and inexhaustible fund of entertainment for the doting circle, and make her more and more its center and bond of unity.

Sometimes we pause to ask ourselves what will be the effect of all this adulation upon the little recipient. "Ah! we shall spoil her," is often lightly said, but is the real meaning of the words conceived? Spoil her? Would we for the world mar even a single petal of our lovely flower? Would we let a breath of earthly passion pass over it, to blight its delicate colors, or taint its sweet perfume? Spoil her? Heaven help us, no! Yet we need not fear to love her with all the warmth that hearts may feel. For love is no agent of decay; it is the world's disinfectant and preserver rather. Only let not our affection degenerate into a mere weak, indulgent fondness, or blind idolatry, but keep it strong, and vital, and symmetrical, temper it with wisdom and discretion, sanctify it with unceasing prayer. Let all whose influence is to aid, either consciously or unconsciously, in molding and guiding this sweet young life, take upon themselves the same high vows which the father and mother assumed when they stood before the pure baptismal font, and gave their little one to God, praying, with full hearts, for grace to lead her in heavenward ways, while the congregation, with bowed heads, responded silently, and the soft air and sunshine which wandered through the room, the rustle of leaves, and the Sabbath song of birds without, seemed so many gracious voices of our Father, sent in acceptance of the vow, in answer to the prayer.

POET AND PRIEST.

I.

FROM the empurpled hills and waving fields
Of a far country, where the vineyard yields
Its luscious clusters, and the plowshare turns
Furrows whence spring sweet fruits, in whose rare
urns

The ruby juices ripen in the May;
And where, from bush and vine, and tree's rich spray,
Delicious fruits, thro' all the Summer hours,
Hang delicate and tempting, fair as flowers,
And sweet and cooling to the fevered lip,
As mountain rills whereof the wild bees sip;
And where the vernal meads and waving plains,
Warmed by the sun and fructified by rains,
Send up their stores of bearded wheat and corn,
Where vine-crowned homes the grassy slopes adorn—
The poet came, when Summer on the hills
And in the meadows—on the narrowing rills,
And over all the stubble-fields, whence call
The piping quail and meadow-lark, and all
The dear-loved insect throng that haunts the air
In Summer's soft-decline, spread her own pall
Of gorgeous flowers mingled with dun leaves,
Whereon one gazing, smileth while he grieves;

For Summer dies a queen—and royally
 She starreth o'er her funeral drapery.
 From all the quiet peace of meadow lanes,
 To the great city, full of wants, and pains,
 And cries for help, and busy search for gold,
 And gain, and spoil, and conquest manifold,
 With longing eyes, and waiting, listening ear.
 The poet came, to sing her song of cheer.

II.

Her heart was faint and weary; she had sung
 To heavy ears; her lyre's sweet tones had rung
 Their tuneful changes o'er each flowery dale,
 And wafted song upon each perfumed gale,
 That swept across the orchards, and made love
 To the wild grasses, where the turtle-dove
 Brooded in sweet content; yet no sweet tone
 Called forth a note responsive to her own;
 Men's ears were holden, that they could not hear;
 Why should the poet sing her song of cheer?

III.

Buried in self, the Summer flowers to them
 Breathed no evangel. On its parent stem
 The budding fruit no promise sweet recalled.
 The waving fields of grain, to minds intralled
 By pitiable chains—self-forged—of greed,
 And lust, and treachery, gave not their meed
 Of joyous comfort. Nay, it could not be;
 Men's eyes were holden, that they could not see.

IV.

Yet still, thro' waning moons the poet stood
 Upon the hills and sang of all things good—
 Of joy, and truth, and gratitude, and love—
 Of peaceful toil below and rest above—
 Of beauty's mission on this sin-stained earth;
 Of higher life and of transforming birth.
 But truth nor beauty, gratitude nor joy,
 Could enter hearts of men where base alloy
 Had eaten out God's gold. They heeded not
 The poet-singer—why she sang or what.
 The curse of God lies on them like a brand.
 Their hearts are holden lest they understand.

V.

Forth, thro' the vales, the poet took her way
 Toward the flowing tide, whose billows gray
 Lave the far city, where the poet erst
 Had had her home. Thitherward, as at first,
 Her heart had flown, straightway her footsteps turned,
 And o'er its famished souls her spirit yearned.
 These have not wheat, and corn, and oil, and wine,
 From golden field or purple-clustered vine;
 These have no luscious fruit, no fragrant flower,
 No grassy slopes, no pleasant garden bower.
 I'll sing to them of these, a restful while,
 And win a smile from lips unused to smile.

VI.

They gathered round her, lame, and halt, and blind,
 And poor, and hungry, and diseased in mind,
 Yet eager all for sympathy and love,
 And quick to catch the song of "rest above."

One touch of helpful hand—a morsel here—
 A garment from her store—a word of cheer—
 A cup of water—fevered lips to lave—
 A pitying sigh—a tear—was all she gave.
 For these they called her blessed, and would pray
 For God's best gifts to strew her daily way.

VII.

Had she content with this? Alas, too long
 Unheeded had she lived her life of song
 With neither meed of praise, or thanks, or grace,
 Or look of love from any grateful face,
 Of those she sought to help. O, sore her need!
 Lofty in purpose, consecrate in deed,
 E'en poet souls have need of daily bread;
 He who feeds others must himself be fed.
 So, faint of heart, she cried, "Dear Lord, must I
 Of unslaked thirst and gnawing hunger die?"
 "Thou hast eternal life, I cry to thee!
 O, who shall minister thy Word to me?"

VIII.

Responsive to this human cry there came,
 In quiet guise, a gracious Guest, whose name
 Breathed rest and peace within the troubled heart,
 And calmed its fevered throb, and healed its smart.
 A holy presence brooded o'er her soul,
 And comforted for lack of earthly dole.
 The holy Guest led to the temple, where
 A few disciples kept the house of prayer.
 "Hunger and thirst no longer," whispered He;
 "Behold thy Priest, with bread and wine for thee."

IX.

"Ordained of God to minister to me?
 And have I heard aright, and can it be?
 Dear Lord, I thank thee; freely will I claim
 The angel food he offers in thy name.
 For thy dear sake thy almoner shall see
 My grateful thanks bloom out in works for thee.
 I'll humbly eat the bread of life and live,
 And freely as I take, I'll freely give.
 Cheerful I'll drink the cup whose gladsome flow,
 Distilled in song, yet other hearts may know."
 So from the hands of him whom God hath sent
 The poet took her share, and was content.

X.

No recreant priest was he, no hireling base;
 No whining serf—no laggard in the race;
 No shiftless steward, setting forth things stale
 And juiceless, and in mean and scantest tale
 For his flock's feeding. No such shepherd he
 Whom God ordained the poet's priest to be.

XI.

But on his kingly brow the royal seal
 That God bestows, when men to Virtue kneel
 In life-long homage. From his soulful eye
 There beamed the look that heroes wear who die,
 But ne'er surrender. On his lips there hung
 The gracious accents of a winning tongue.
 Wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove,
 He loved his work, and wrought it out in love.

XII.

If sometimes, with sad eye, the poet caught
Glimpses of pearls dissolved—fair pearls of thought
Within the cup held to the people's lips,
Inviting to be drained with choicest sips,
Yet jostled, spilling all the precious wine
And filtered jewels, where but loathly swine
Should tread the costly mixture under foot,
And turn and rend; although her lips were mute
The eyes were eloquent, and ever sought
To compensate for loss by loftier thought
Projected, like the flash from either pole,
Along the electric chain from soul to soul.

XIII.

If sometimes, weary with unrest and pain,
And untold longings for the coming reign
Of universal goodness, in the day
When might with right in harmony shall sway
A peaceful scepter o'er a rescued world,
And over all Love's banner be unfurled,
The minister of God in sadness sighed,
And turned away his falling tears to hide;
Straightway the poet with her tuneful lyre
Essayed in song to fan anew the fire
Of holy zeal, and with triumphal psalm
Cheer on the anointed toward his crown and palm.

XIV.

And thus as learners learn and teachers teach—
Ornated of God each ministered to each;
And one for temple service, one for song,
By interchange of helpfulness grew strong;
Together bearing many a heavy cross
For Jesus' sake; accounting it no loss
To be esteemed worthy thus to share
With him the suffering and the shame he bare
In his own body on the accursed tree,
That sinful man might from his sins be free.


XV.

God knoweth best. They go their separate ways.
God keeps the record of their toilful days.
To other lips his servant gives the cup
Of ministration; other lips do sup
The pleasant vintage, and are thereby glad.
Listening to noblest counsels, fitly clad
In choicest words, delighted hearers throng
The temple walls. Afar the child of song
Still sings of love, and hope, and patient toil,
To all the weary dwellers 'mid the broil
Of the great city's busy search for gold,
And gain, and spoil, and vain things manifold.

XVI.

They go their separate ways; God knoweth best;
Yet sometimes when the sun sinks to his rest,
I, wondering, muse on kindred souls apart,
And, wondering, long to read from heart to heart.
Parted, yet near—still must a fervent glow
Light up his heart with gratitude to know,
At morning's prayer or twilight's vesper hymn,
Somewhere, a poet blesses God for him.

CLOISTERED LIFE.

“ THAT the desert were my dwelling-
place, that I might all forget the human
race!” for “I have not loved the world,
nor the world me.” So Byron sang. It was
the cry of desolation in the midst of luxurious
life, of loneliness in the midst of reeling gayety.
How often has it been reiterated from every
condition of life, in every form of expression!

The business man has often felt a sickening
aversion to the incessant, monotonous duties,
or harrowing anxieties of his daily life, and has
wearily sighed, “To-day is full of vexation, and
to-morrow shall be only like it. Why not seize
the shears of the fates, cut the brittle thread of
life, and go to explore ‘the undiscovered coun-
try;’ or, in some quiet, unfrequented spot, be
fully extricated from the hateful tangles of this
great mercenary market-place?”

The bereaved mourner who has buried be-
neath the myrtle all of sunshine earth held for
her, whose cherished idol has been snatched
from her strong embrace to be beyond the stars,
often knows earth as “only a wider prison,”
and instinctively asks for some cloistered place
where she may indulge her fond memories in a
very “luxury of grief,” waiting only that she
may go to meet her lost beloved.

The sensitive poet curses earth as only a
reeking battle-ground, where coarse and ugly
selfishness so often triumphs. How he longs to
find away from it the beautiful paradise of his
imagination! And the sick and overworked!
How they would like to get out from the noise
and pain, the affliction and poverty, in which
they are so inextricably entangled, into some
Sabbath home of rest and happiness! The un-
healthy misanthrope, too, who can not twist
humanity into a fashion of his liking, asks im-
patiently to leave a world so unworthy of his
presence.

The Christian often recognizes earth as a
crowded den of pollution, through which God
asks him to pass and not sully the whiteness
of the wedding raiment he has put upon him.
He remembers that God says, “Be ye perfect,”
and yet imagines that he is placed where every
thing is an obstacle in the way to a perfect life.
He believes that he should be pressing upward,
yet thinks almost every thing inclined to drag
him down. So he wearily moans, “O, the hate-
ful world! When will its prison bars be broken?”
And prays for some quiet “desert place,” some
Sabbath sanctuary, some almost inaccessible
country nook where the jarring, ungenial, defil-
ing world may be forgotten.

The monastery was an attempted answer to

these cries, and many of these discontented ones found in its sheltering bosom a safe retreat from the conflicts and labor, the sin and grossness of common life, and made it a "city of refuge" for poetic reverie, idle contemplation, and dreamy sorrow. How many more would have done so had not the world too closely entangled their struggling feet!

We have thrown off the detested chains of the Roman Catholic Church, and now hate all reminders of our former tyranny. So we have torn down the monastery. But the human heart is still the same. There is still the old discontented cry for a refuge from the discords, the pain, and the work of life.

Human wants are always prophetic. They indicate surely some form of blessedness in store for us. God has never made us hungry when he had no food to give us. But sometimes the heart's dreams are of realities which stay beyond the river, and some of our wants must still be craving hunger pains till we shall sit down at our Father's table. This weary longing for rest may not be satisfied here, but only in the eternal Sabbath. This earnest prayer for the quiet isolation of the cloister may not be answered till we enjoy one of the many mansions of our Father's house; and may be then we shall have ceased to long for monasteries. This sinful, tempting world may lessen from our sight only when we begin to view it from the stars. For God knew what he did when he placed us here with no authority to go away without his summons. He saw the world just as it is, and yet said, "Go into it and work, it is my vineyard;" and Jesus said, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world."

God meant something, and something good, by putting us here. Out of this complicated machinery good work must come if we let God's hand guide the revolutions. He has put us in amidst the mechanism, and as a part of it. If we notice carefully the arrangement, cheerfully occupy the position assigned, and do well the little part given us in this involved and intricate mechanism, we shall come out, when the whirling confusion is past and the work shown, perfected and beautified. But if we try to make our little wheel turn faster or slower than the great Artisan designed, or in any way move it out of its place, the many mighty wheels, with their cogs and bands, will still turn on. We may be ground to powder in their many revolutions; or the incessant friction, which might have been rounding and polishing had we kept our place, will only be making deep and ugly scars which must, alas! remain eternally.

But we have more to indicate our duty than the simple fact that God placed us here. We can ourselves see some of the reasons why he gave us work to do where we must be closely surrounded by others. Society tends to trim down luxuriantly sprouting self-conceit, so that it shall not by its rankness choke the better productions of our hearts. It will be difficult for one to feel himself entitled to the rank of king among a crowd of peers, however lofty his fancy had built the pedestal of his greatness during hours of solitary dreaming. However high in intellect, spirituality, or efficiency any one be classed, he will surely find some one in society close beside him who is, in some respect, his superior. Thus he is taught to grace his ambition with humility.

The clamorous selfishness, too, of each individual heart needs to have its voice drowned by the reiterated demands of other hearts. The illusion that we are "the pivot on which the rest of the world swings round," can be best dissipated when in the world. Painful cries of want and misery about us call us out from our selfishness, by compelling attention to suffering keener than our own, wants more imperative, and experiences more tragical.

God has made us so that our noblest capacities, our most beautiful graces, can be brought into exercise only by earnest work amid the world. If by companionship with men we learn their weakness, and secret struggles, and honest failures, we become more patient and charitable. Every time we answer a cry of want we make ourselves more generous. Earnest battling makes us strong. We may be made perfect through our sufferings, if they are imposed by God, while working in the place commanded. Our love for high and holy friends draws us up to their nobility. Our daily tasks always bring a discipline that is fully worth its price, if we place ourselves in a right position toward it. The constant friction of society rubs off our eccentricities. Competition with our peers stimulates and strengthens all our mental energies. God takes it as a kinder service when we do loving deeds to his children, than when we leave them, to go alone and think long thoughts of heaven in lazy, selfish, dreamy contemplation.

We need not flee society on account of its danger, fearing the result of this apparently hazardous battle of life—victory is our Savior's legacy. In the world we shall have tribulation, but he has overcome the world, and this conquering power he gives to each of his children who really asks it. How much better thus to be victors over the world, to wring from its

tyrant hands the blessings it has stolen from us, than to run away from it in terror. God teaches the Christian how to hold the reins so that the fractious world shall drive us heavenward.

A cloistered life not only loses the good, it makes for itself a positive evil. A recluse is apt to spend his time in selfish luxury, or else he becomes a caustic cynic, or a morbid dreamer.

But not only for its effect upon ourselves should we disapprove a secluded, solitary life; the world is full of wants which God has made it our duty to try to satisfy. There are many deeply stamped lineaments of our Father's face close beside us, which yet are thickly covered by the mud of sin, the mist of ignorance, or the mask of fashionable conventionality. God bids us uncover them. There is an aching loneliness in many a brother's heart which our love might satisfy; there are timid eyes cast down despairingly, which our sympathetic cheer might teach to look undazzled even upon the gleaming gate of immortality; there are unwilling feet going the wrong and easy way from simple weariness, or weakness, which our strength might guide into the rugged, better path of right. There is a world of work to do, and it is a shameful selfishness that runs away to leave this weakness and suffering, this sin and ignorance, while in the luxury of delightful dreaming we forget the errand upon which the Master sent us into earthly life. The tired world needs not so much less work to do, but more cheerful hearts, and purer souls with which to do it.

Are all recluses shut up in Roman Catholic monasteries? Can you find no "solitary" in Protestant Churches, or in the unchristian world? Are there not in every city and village some parlors, or libraries, or kitchens, or workshops which their occupants have made cells of refuge from social duty? These recluses wear no cowl. They are not monks, but worse, for monks have often good intention for their monastic vows, and though not classing themselves among the world, give themselves to it in lives of self-denying mercy. But what excuse for the luxurious ease, or selfish, anxious labor, to which some of us shut ourselves up, as far as possible out of hearing of the sounds of the vineyard work?

But must we stay *always* in society? Although the world is a workshop into which God sends us for a life apprenticeship, our work will be unblest and inefficient if we do not remember to gain each day, in glad vacation moments, the rest and inspiration of the holy places apart, where he still talks intimately with his loving, chosen ones. God never made a world with Gethsemanes of vicarious suffer-

ing in which there were not also glorious Tabor as preparation for the coming agony. He never meant that any house should be so full of work that there might not be left for himself some holy closet; no day so full of service, even to himself, that we can find no time for gaining, in secret conference with the Master, fresh cheer, new directions for our work, and cleaner hands with which to do it. We shall work best in, and for, the world if we go often out from it for strengthening, enlightening, purifying visits with Him who alone can make us overcome the world. But however glorious He makes the place where He meets us, we can never build tabernacles and stay there, but must go back to use for society the inspiration He has given us.

Shall we sing, "Honor to him who in scorn can carve his pathway to the grave, making his own heart his world upon his way?" Rather let our loudest praises be to the world's benefactor who has been true to the human heart through all its woe, its ignorance, even its sin. Humanity shall thank Him some time when it shall be glorified. Let us labor well this little day of life. It will be night soon—then we can sleep.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

WHEREVER we cast a look upon human society we behold the sick, the suffering, and the needy. The sick require attention, watching, care; the suffering need sympathy; the ignorant, instruction; the desponding, encouragement; and the poor, pecuniary assistance. Wherever one's lot may be cast, wherever he may journey or reside, many-sided want stares him in the face and cries unto him for help. "The poor ye have always with you," said the Savior, "and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." The word poor should be taken here in its broadest sense—poor not only in worldly substance, but in virtue, in health, in knowledge, in hope, in love, in physical, intellectual, moral, or spiritual resources. All are not needy to the same degree, nor in the same respect, but how few of mankind are entirely free from some form of poverty or some sense of want! Every one comes into the world and enters upon the responsibilities of life with these surroundings. Along all our way to the grave more or less of these unredressed necessities stretch out imploring hands to us, crying, "Give, give." It has been so in all the ages of the past, it will continue so in all the years to come. To every generation this language will be true, "Ye have the poor with you always."

Surely God has not placed man in the midst of such surroundings without some good designed for him. This can not be a purely accidental or fortuitous arrangement. From a Scriptural point of view this is a world of grand opportunities. We are placed in the center of a magnificent amphitheater of glorious privileges. There is not a day of our pilgrimage but opportunities for doing good spring up as by magic around us—opportunities for giving to some pressing case of necessity out of whatever means we may have in store.

A careful survey of these surroundings would raise a presumption in the mind that our Creator intended to encourage, in his moral creatures, both the spirit and the practice of benevolence. This presumption rises to a probability when we take into the view our peculiar constitution. We have a nature that, in its normal condition, is affected by the sight of human suffering. God has given us a heart of sympathy. We feel for others' woes. The evidence of distress in others, creates in us a sympathetic pain which can best be removed by efforts to relieve the distressed. This is peculiarly so with the tender heart of childhood before sin has hardened it. It is pre-eminently so with every spiritually renewed heart so long as it retains the graces of regeneration. We are constituted so as to be afflicted by a sense of the wants, necessities, and sufferings of others. We are also constituted so as to be relieved of our sympathetic pain by giving as we have opportunity to the necessities of those around us. Hence it appears that God has given us not only the external field of opportunities, but also the internal impulses and motives for giving.

If we turn now to the Scriptures, where the mind and will of God are clearly revealed, all doubt is removed. What arose at first as a slight presumption settles into a certainty. It would be both interesting and instructive for any person to read carefully through the Scriptures, and observe how frequently, how forcibly, and in how many different ways, the duty of giving is inculcated. Precept, example, and encouragement abound in the Old as well as in the New Testament. One might query whether the duty or the privilege of giving is made more clear and prominent. This will depend much upon the spirit of the reader. As the two knights, occupying different stand-points, disputed about the shield, one contending that it was gold, the other that it was silver; but when each changed his position and saw the other side, they then admitted that it was both silver and gold; so a complete view of the subject will reveal the fact that the Bible makes

giving both a duty and a privilege. Contemplated in one state of mind, giving appears to be presented in all the severity of a command, and with all the responsibility of a duty; but rising to a higher plane of experience, and changed to a renewed state of the heart, the same appears glorious in the golden light of privilege.

The apostle Paul on one occasion exhorted the Ephesian elders "to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" Coming from such a source no Christian can doubt the truth of that divine proposition. We accept the declaration as a sacred verity, and proceed reverently to inquire what it is to give, and in what the blessedness of giving mainly consists.

What is the full import, in the Scriptural sense, of the term "to give?" It is not limited merely to the charitable bestowment of money, or of such material things as money will buy. The gratuitous bestowal of such things for the relief of human necessities and wants is a part, but only a part of the true idea of giving. There is much beyond this which a loving heart will find to bestow, and these gifts often far more precious than gold. Sometimes the streams of benevolence will gush out spontaneously, and flow naturally and easily through all available channels, as when a devoted mother lavishes a heart of wealth upon a beloved child. The soul in the eye has its peculiar gift, so has the countenance and the tone of voice. The loving heart is not often at a loss for something to give to the needy and suffering, nor for a suitable way in which to bestow it. Loving is giving. Giving is love in motion—love at its favorite work. When we gratuitously watch or wait around the couch of sickness, we give. When one sincerely rejoices with those that rejoice, or weeps with those who weep, he gives. Every token of sympathy for the suffering, though it be but a tear drop trembling in the eye, is a gift, and sometimes is as the sweetest morsel to a hungry soul. A kind word to the poor and desponding may be a valuable gift. Who can not be liberal in this kind of giving? We may be sure that even in this particular "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Patience under provocations and forbearance toward the insolent, is often a priceless gift, and always duly appreciated by the Savior. To manifest a sweet and even temper, in all our intercourse with family, friends, and neighbors, especially when nerves are unduly excited, is giving in the best and most difficult sense of the term. It gives the right kind of Christian example, and says, in a mute though powerful voice, "Follow me, as I follow Christ." To defend another's rights or

reputation when unjustly assailed, is a noble act of giving. He who insists, in the presence of others, upon as charitable interpretation as circumstances will allow of the conduct and motives of the censured and accused, may with propriety be called a giver.

Hence it is evident that the poorest of people have something to give. However poor we may be, others are around us poorer in some respects than we. We have something that we can spare which they have not, but would like to have. The power to give something to some form of human necessities is universal. We may not have gold, or silver, or much worldly substance, yet the number is very small that can not spare at least a little from their store, and be the richer for giving it. Every one can give something—a cheering look, an encouraging word, a tear of sympathy, a hand to work, a heart to love, a mind to instruct, a little time to wait and watch with the sick and suffering. The sick and suffering even can give from their beds of pain examples of patience and resignation. The rarest opportunities come to us often in affliction. There is no one living and conscious who does not and will not have something to give, and who may not experience the blessedness of giving.

In the providence of God both the opportunity and the means for giving will be supplied. Let no one say, when any form of want is presented, "I have no money, and therefore I am excused from giving. I am freed from responsibility." It is far otherwise. You will surely have something to give, and you should examine carefully from what store of means you have something to spare suited to the case before you. Generally that which is lacking most is a heart to give. One can be miserly in other respects than in withholding gold and pelf. Some have their sympathies locked up more closely than the miser his bags of gold. Avarice clings to other things than to hoards of material wealth. Idolatry worships at many shrines. It is more difficult to get a kind word from some people than money from the most penurious. A pleasant look, or a charitable judgment of others' motives, would be as difficult to find in some social latitudes as a tropical flower in the frigid zone.

The blessedness of giving must be contemplated mainly, if not wholly, in its effects and results—in the favorable change it produces in us, and in the rewards it lays up for us. One may be pronounced blessed even in trials and suffering, not on account of present enjoyment, but from the happy results foreseen to flow from what he endures for the cause of right-

eousness and virtue. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life." "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, but by and by it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby." These passages of Scripture are quoted for the benefit of those who find no present enjoyment in giving. There are some whom it pains to give, so much that they can not see any blessedness in the operation. It is only those who have grown in this grace that find great pleasure in the acts of giving. There are some of this kind. It is to be hoped that the number will be constantly increasing. Though the act of giving may be accompanied by great efforts of the will, and by the sharp cutting pains of self-denial, sufficient sometimes quite to destroy peace of mind for days and weeks afterward, yet even then there is blessedness in store for such givers, for every one who gives bravely when he can not give cheerfully. Habit only will bring present satisfaction.

One of the blessed effects of giving upon the giver is its influence to counteract the natural and growing tendencies of the soul to covetousness. Whatever efforts are made to acquire the right to property, money, or any thing else that may be imparted in giving, stimulates and quickens into exercise one or more of the acquisitive faculties. Thus excited, these faculties will obey the universal law, that exercise tends to strengthen and develop whatever is normally exercised. Desire generally precedes effort, and effort strengthens and increases desire. Along with the increase of desire for the thing sought, is gradually formed a pleasurable habit of exercise in that direction. It is perfectly natural and philosophical that efforts to acquire wealth should increase either the pleasure of the activity or the desire for gain, generally both. "The more we get the more we want," is as natural as our breath. Because the desire grows when the activity increases, and when the means accumulate there is a natural thirst and a striving for more. To a careful observer of human nature this tendency may be discovered every-where, not only in grown men but in growing children. Our circumstances, the very necessities of our being, compel us into the labors of acquisition. Our acquisitive faculties are forced into activity, and for a great portion of our time kept in action. Their development and growth are inevitable. Now if this tendency be allowed to go on unchecked and unmodified, the other faculties of the soul are in danger of being overbalanced

and subordinated mainly or wholly to the acquisitive faculties. Miserism is the natural and the inevitable result. The best human natures ever made would soon be ruined in that way. There are too many living examples of this in almost every community. Has God provided no remedy against this? If so, what?

Systematic giving is the natural and sufficient antagonism to this covetous tendency. It calls into activity another class of faculties—the benevolent group. These it develops and strengthens. The benevolent faculties yield to the same laws of growth; namely, systematic and appropriate exercise. Now if there shall be as much activity on the one side as on the other, if our giving shall keep pace with our getting, an equilibrium of forces will be maintained, and the proper balance of power will be preserved. In no other way can this most desirable result be secured.

It is a good thing, in itself considered, for the soul to be quickened in any of its natural faculties. Activity is better than stagnation. Living sensibility is to be preferred to stupidity. Receiving may be said to be blessed, because it quickens the receptive powers of the soul, and excites the acquisitive faculties. Giving must be more blessed, because it excites to activity another and a nobler class of powers, and stimulates the benevolent faculties. It does more than this, it restores the equilibrium of forces in the mind, and keeps all the faculties in joint harmonious and healthful co-operation. In the profoundest philosophical sense, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

If we examine the Scriptures carefully, we shall find regular proportionate giving enjoined. From the view of the subject just presented, this would seem to be called for to preserve harmony in the mind's activities. In the Old Testament a definite proportion is required, the first-born, the first-fruits, the daily sacrifices, the yearly festivals, the tenth of all increase. This was required of all in their proper portion. The language of the New Testament is not ambiguous on the same subject. It nowhere gives the slightest intimation that God has relinquished an iota of his original claim to the "tenth" for the support of public worship, though many have assumed that it is so. The apostle commands the early Christians to lay aside on the first day of the week "*as God hath prospered every one.*" The idea of a proportion is conveyed frequently by the writers of the New Testament.

The necessity for giving is laid deep in the human constitution, and wrought into the very foundations of our being. The abundant op-

portunities for giving, which present themselves to every one, are merciful provisions for promoting the most important self-interests. When the opportunity is afforded, the one needs the effect of giving quite as much as the other needs the gift. The poor who does not receive will suffer less than the rich who will not give. John Wesley's advice, "Get all you can, and then give all you can," was not only practically wise, and thoroughly Scriptural, but profoundly philosophical. It precisely meets the necessities of the moral constitution.

In this light of the subject, we can easily see what dangers necessarily attend the increase of wealth. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition; for the love of money is the root of all evil." In view of this so imminent danger no wonder that the sacred writers are so earnest and so frequent in their warnings against deceitfulness of riches, and in their exhortations to give constantly and liberally. The danger is all counteracted by prompt, cheerful, and proportionate giving. However blessed it may be to receive, it will always be more blessed to give. The one brings danger and responsibility, the other removes danger, satisfies responsibility, and secures a reward.

Another blessed effect of giving, is *its influence on the growth of the soul in grace*. In counteracting the natural tendencies to covetousness it prevents evil, a great evil it is true, but that is not all, its influence is also quickening and healthful to the soul's growth. Avarice, which giving so happily antagonizes, tends to belittle the soul; not only to hinder its growth, but also to contract its noblest powers. Its rain is as a chilling blast, a biting frost, a dreary Winter, where neither the richness of fruit, nor the full glory of blossoms can appear. Giving scatters the wintry clouds, lets in the sunlight upon the soul, and pours the breath of Spring upon its faculties. It diffuses the only atmosphere in which the choicest plants of the soul can grow. We instinctively apply the epithets "little soul," or "great soul," as we find men niggardly, or liberal. How every body praises and loves the great-souled giver, while the meanest of people heartily despise and denounce one whose soul has shrunk by avarice to Lilliputian dimensions! According to Scripture, "the *liberal* soul shall be made fat." Thus we have the highest authority that

giving alone can push out the powers of the soul to their utmost limits of rotundity, fullness, and beauty.

Growth in the Christian graces—such as love, peace, gentleness, patience, and brotherly kindness—can not be experienced without Christian giving. Who has ever known of an instance, where man, woman, or child has advanced in holiness without a corresponding increase of the spirit of benevolence, promoted by liberal giving? This is a practical question, and may be tested both by experience and observation. Many professing Christians of the present day journey, spiritually, more slowly than the Israelites traveled to their promised Canaan. While many other things may combine to hinder progress, probably there is no cause so general and influential as the neglect of proportionate giving.

To fly well, faith must have in exercise its two wings—these are natural to it—*prayer* and *almsgiving*. The angel said to the devout Cornelius, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." His faith had two wings—ours should have the same. Giving as one has means and opportunity, is as important as praying. Prayer, to be acceptable, must have its companion. We have no warrant in the Scriptures to believe that prayers from a soul that never gives ever come as a memorial before God. There can be no increase of religion without an increase of love. How can love increase its volume or its power without exercise? How can it exercise itself freely and fully without giving? It is impossible. Is it desirable to have grace? then we must receive. Is it important to grow in grace? then we must give. It is, therefore, in this view of the subject, "more blessed to give than to receive."

The blessedness of giving will appear from another point of view. It calls into exercise the noblest powers of the soul, and imparts the highest type of religious joy. Receiving brings with it a feeling of obligation, and a sense of responsibility. Some want may be gratified thereby, and a measure of happiness will ensue. There is, however, a higher, sweeter, holier pleasure when one voluntarily puts into exercise his own active powers. See the boy as he sits by the hearth, eating his favorite cake or pie; he has received; he is gratifying his appetite; he is happy. But follow him as he goes out with ball or kite to play among his fellow-boys; he takes a delight in exercising his limbs and his skill higher and greater than in receiving or eating his sweetest meal. So there is a higher pleasure in voluntarily exercising our own active faculties, than in having our receptive powers excited by the gifts of others.

Giving excites voluntary activity in our highest, noblest faculties. Love is the highest principle. "God is love. He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." Giving in the proper spirit is love in exercise, love at work. God's love induced him to *give* his Son to die for us. Christ's love induced him to *give* himself for us. God, exercising infinite love in gifts to his creatures, is infinitely happy and perfect. We in loving become like him. It must, however, be loving "in deed and in truth," and manifesting itself in giving. It is more blessed to give than to receive, because it brings to the soul a higher and purer joy.

The labor of giving at first may be attended with some difficulty and some pain. The pain will be caused by a resistance from some habit or feelings that ought not to exist. Surgical operations are generally painful, but many bravely submit to them for the good which they expect to follow the operation. All that is painful, or unpleasant, or even reluctant, soon gives way to the habit of systematic giving. The practice, in a little while, becomes exceedingly pleasant. There is no limit in this life to the increase of the pleasure of giving—like the path of the just, it shineth and increaseth more and more unto the perfect day. The habit of giving is a well-spring of joy to the soul. Every one may have that well in his own heart, and draw from it at will the living water.

It is more blessed to give than to receive as it respects future rewards. In receiving we lay up nothing; we have the opportunity, but may fail to improve it, as many people do. When one gives in the right spirit, he lays up treasure in heaven. When we receive, treasure is put into our hands; when we give, we cast our mite into the treasury of the Lord—he keeps it safe for us in the bank of eternity.

In all the above respects it is more blessed to give than to receive. Giving counteracts the natural tendencies to covetousness, while we are engaged in the labor of securing the means for supplying present or future wants. It promotes our growth in spiritual grace, and the healthful development of all the mental faculties; it exercises our highest and noblest powers, and brings to the soul its purest and sweetest joys; it lays up for us the most enduring treasures in heaven; it promotes, at the same time, all these interests.

The Scriptures open to our view another line of advantage, an increase even of wealth in this life, as well as the wealth of heaven. This we shall not explore in this article. Enough has been presented to convince the thoughtful that it is far more blessed to give than to receive.

THE ANGELIC OBEDIENCE.

SCRIPTURE reveals, according to the infinite wisdom of God, what is necessary and salutary for us to know concerning the angels of heaven, and the prince of darkness and his servants; not to satisfy a morbid curiosity, or to indulge a sort of luxury of the imagination, but for our comfort and warning, to strengthen and animate our faith, as well as to increase our watchfulness and zeal.

Men have fallen into two errors concerning the angels, which may be characterized as the Gnostic and the Roman. The first introduces a speculative, metaphysical element, instead of resting satisfied with the Scripture teaching, in its sober and eminently practical character. The second introduces a superstitious and unscriptural element, by placing the angels in the position of mediators and intercessors.

Contrasted with the Gnostic error, admire the wisdom of Scripture. It is an evidence of its divine inspiration that it contains no elaborate angelology, but only gives us glimpses into the angelic world such as reveal to us those spiritual truths which we need at present, and which stimulate our service as well as our hope. All Scripture disclosures of this unseen world, given at great intervals of time, and interwoven with the history of redemption, are perfectly consistent with each other, from Genesis to the Book of Revelation, and, forming a most striking contrast to the pretended revelations of other books, furnish an important argument for the divine origin and character of the Bible.

To the Roman error, we oppose the truth that the man Christ Jesus is the only Mediator, and that we are nearer the Savior than the angels. The only invocation of angels mentioned in Scripture is in Psalm ciii, when David calls upon them, asking not their intercession, but, as standing on an equality with them, he encourages and exhorts them, in the fullness of his joy, to praise the Lord.

The Protestants perhaps err by not paying sufficient attention to this topic. Notice the frequent reference to the angels throughout Scripture. The Lord's prayer daily brings before us the obedience of the angels, and our relation to them as members of the one great family of our Heavenly Father. The awful and dark truth of Satan's power and influence requires the counterbalancing comfort and light of the doctrine of angels, whose sympathy and loving ministry encourage our hearts, while their example raises our standard.

Scripture teaches us that the angels are the ministering organs of divine government and

providence, so that both in nature and history the will of God is done by angelic agency. The Scriptures recognize the agency of angels in the whole life of nature, even in what we regard as ordinary and regular natural phenomena. The Book of Daniel teaches us that the kingdoms of this world are presided over by individual angels, who take a part in their history.

We are apt to lose sight of God's personal will, and to dwell exclusively almost on the secondary laws of nature. "Now, here Scripture interposes, and seems to tell us that all this wonderful harmony of nature is the work of angels. Those events which we ascribe to chance, as the weather, or to nature, as the seasons, are duties done to that God who maketh his angels to be winds and his ministers a flame of fire. For example, it was an angel which gave to the pool of Bethesda its medicinal quality, and there is no reason why we should doubt that other health-springs in this and other countries are made such by a like unseen ministry. The fires on Mount Sinai, the thunders and lightnings, were the works of angels; and in the Apocalypse we read of angels restraining the four winds. Works of vengeance are likewise attributed to them. *Nature is not inanimate, its daily toil is intelligent, its works are duties.*"

There is nothing in this view which for a moment conflicts with our scientific knowledge of natural laws. But it enables us to avoid the danger into which our increased knowledge of matter and its laws is apt to lead us, of forgetting the personal, living God, who even now rules and guides all things by his will, according to his wisdom and love, through the agency of spirits, who render him the obedience of freedom and intelligence. Instead of fixed laws, self-sustained and acting of themselves, we behold the will of God, acting through these laws by the agency of thousands of his unseen servants. And instead of explaining the Scriptural statements as poetical or allegorical modes of expressing what we view as merely natural and regular phenomena, we exercise more wisdom and humility by viewing these Scripture disclosures as revealing to us the true though unseen government of a living God in this world. Thus we believe the past, thus we realize by faith God in the present, and thus we expect in the future that the great changes in the material world will be brought about by the agency of angels at the coming of the Lord Jesus and at the end of the millennial reign.

How beautiful is this view of nature! "Every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is as it were the skirts of the

angels' garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven." But the very poetry of this view will be to some minds a reason for rejecting it as fanciful, so great is the difficulty of our regarding the ideal as the real, and reality as the highest and most beautiful poetry. We have forgotten that true idealism is nothing else but faith which sees substance, truth, that which is spiritual, eternal, and beautiful. The basis and source of poetry is not an imaginary and unreal world, but, on the contrary, the true and substantial world, toward which, among the semblances and shadows of our actual life, the mind of man is longing.

To do God's will is the delight of angels, and his will is his self-manifestation on earth. Angels are interested in the earth that God may be glorified, even as Satan and his servants are interested in it to retard the progress of God's kingdom and to obscure his glory. Hence we find that, at the first coming of Jesus Christ, angelic manifestations abounded, and at the same time the power of Satan and his legions was exerted on earth as it seems never to have been either before or since. Thus the angels appear to the patriarchs; through them the law is given on Mount Sinai; their guardianship and watchful care is known unto David; the birth of the Savior is announced by them to the shepherds of Bethlehem, as well as to Mary and Joseph. They ministered to Jesus after the temptation in the wilderness; an angel strengthened him in Gethsemane; angels announce the resurrection, and explain his ascension and visible return. Jesus Christ is the great center of their loving interest and service, even as he is the object of their adoration. For apart from these indications of Scripture, according to which Christ's death on the cross is connected with peace and harmony in heaven, it is in Christ crucified that angels behold the manifestation of God, and thus they worship with us the Lamb as it had been slain, they joyfully praise and extol the Son of God in our nature, exalted to be king and heir of all things.

Loving God and Jesus Christ, they rejoice over the repenting sinner, they minister to the heirs of salvation, they protect us in danger often unseen and unknown; they carry the soul into Abraham's bosom; they accompany Christ at his second advent, when he will be glorified in his saints. Then they shall separate the wheat from the chaff, and doubtless be the agents in the great changes which shall take place in the world. And after we have attained to the resurrection of the just, the Savior reveals to us that we shall be like unto the angels.

Thus God's Word reveals heaven, not as a distant place, separated and isolated from us, but near and in constant communion with earth; we behold clearly what Jacob saw in a dream.

As the angels obey, so on earth God's will is to be done in the age of which we speak; but we desire that *now*, while waiting for Christ, we also may be enabled to render such obedience to our Father. The obedience of angels is in humility and in perfect submission. They obey because God commands. Thus ought we to accustom and train our hearts to reverential obedience. While we experience that God's commandments are not grievous, and that Christ's yoke is easy, the authority of God is the foundation of all service. The Christian seeks to please his Heavenly Father; obedience brings glory to God, and a renewed assurance of our union with Christ.

The angels obey God, because they see his face continually. Their obedience is implicit, but not blind. God's authority is perfect light and love. Thus ought our obedience to be in knowledge and meditation; work is prayer acting.

The obedience of the angels, as we have seen, is very varied and comprehensive. Some watch over little children; some take charge of believers in danger; some seem to have assigned to their care mighty empires, and the various elements of the world. But their motive is always love to God, their object is God's glory. Thus may we serve the Lord in our daily duties, in our most common occupations, in every ministry of charity, in the conversation of social life.

As God is their center, the utmost harmony and union prevail among them. Thus they who serve the Lord are to serve him in brotherly love. In the building of the Temple no noise was to be heard. "When the angels are about to enter into the presence of the Most High," says a Jewish father, "they all stand back in modesty; one says to the other, 'Go thou first, thou art more worthy.'" What a commentary on the apostolic words, "Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love, in honor preferring one another!"

The angels behold the glory of God in Christ. In him they see the manifestation as well as the central object of the Father's purpose. As they took the most profound interest in the Savior's life on earth, so they are now waiting for the marriage of the Lamb. Thus ought we in all our obedience to remember Christ, the Center, the Alpha and Omega, in whom we are loved, and in whom we are to be raised unto everlasting blessedness.

The Children's Repository.

DEBBY.

DEBBY was a plump, handsome, most respectable cat. She was more than respectable; she was a model to cats, and, for the matter of that, to little boys and girls. My Charley has learned many a lesson from her. I never knew that cat go caterwauling around the neighborhood in the course of my acquaintance with her, and I knew her before her eyes were open, and until they closed to open no more. You will perceive that I do not believe in that semi-immortality that is claimed for cats. Debby, I am sure, never lived but that one life, or it would have been recorded in story. I have said Debby never went caterwauling, and this, I am persuaded, out of pure respect for the comfort of the neighborhood. This was only in keeping with her general course. I never knew her inflict pain except in the pursuit of her legitimate avocation—that of catching rats and mice. She never tortured her mice, after the manner of other cats—tantalizing them with hopes of escape, etc. She had the gentlest, most humane way of putting her teeth through their chests.

Again, I have seen those young gluttons, the Spring Shanghais, in a circle around Debby's plate of "scraps," reaching over her shoulders, hopping over her back, perching on her head, and finally crowding her away. And I know Debby was very fond of Spring chicken, and that she was not afraid of those long-legged, long-necked Shanghai chicks. She might have dined off one every day. That she did not was from conscientious forbearance. Indeed, I think there was something even higher than this in Debby's nature. As an illustration: I had a little orphan bantam chicken, which I put to sleep one cool Spring night in a basket behind the kitchen stove. The next morning Maria, the cook, called me to see Debby. There she was, coiled in the basket, and snuggled up close to her was the little banty, his head tucked between puss's fore legs. And thus they slept every night until the weather grew warmer, and banty grew more feathery, and more independent, and more ungrateful. I've known Debby to keep away the Shanghais while her protégé pecked greedily away at a dish of tidbits, never once putting her own nose to the plate.

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I've seen our baby, great, lusty fellow, get this patient cat in his arms, and squeeze her until I half expected to see her tongue start from her mouth; or pull her tail until I was apprehensive of its dislocation. Yet I never knew that cat to scratch or bite the young savage. She would remonstrate with the most amiable of mews, or, at the worst, would gently tap her tormentor's hands, the claws being buried in the velvet fur, as though she thought some body ought to teach him better, and yet remembered that he was an irresponsible creature. Yet Debby was not without spirit. She sometimes got her back up; I've known her spit fire at Rover, until even that superior brute would be provoked into a snarl.

Besides being philosophically amiable, Debby was a tidy puss. I never knew another cat wash its face so often. When almost any other would have been sitting under the stove sleeping away its existence, you might have seen Debby industriously polishing her white face with her velvet brush. I often commended her tidiness to little Charley, and this pleased her, I know. She would look up in my face, and give the most grateful mews. Could she have smiled I'm sure she would. It always seemed to me a pity that cats can not smile and laugh. In a playing kitten there is something incongruous between the face so stolid and the rest of the animal frolicking and rollicking.

Mousing and ratting is the chief end of a cat, and Debby had no difficulty in finding her sphere. She early discovered that to be happy and respected, a cat must be useful. She learned that to him that hath shall be given. I take credit to myself for helping her to this important conclusion. Whenever she caught a rat or a mouse she would bring the trophy and lay it at my feet; and instead of sending her off to dine on her rat or mouse, I would reward her with a dish of nice milk, leaving her at liberty to present her game to some lover or cat neighbor.

Debby had another recommendation; she had good health. I never bought a penny's worth of catnip for her in my life. I think she despised a fitty cat. No, that is too hard a term; Debby was too thoroughly amiable to despise a living creature, but she held fitty cats in strong disapprobation. My neighbor had one of these. It was "taken" once while I was

there spending the evening. It went up like a rocket, and with such a whiz and sputter as an ambitious rocket might have made. It struck the wall within a foot of the ceiling, at an angle of forty-five degrees, rebounding at about the same angle. Then it disappeared through the door as though it had been shot from a cannon. "She'll never come back," said my neighbor's husband; "the impetus with which she went out of that door will carry her so far that she'll never find her way back."

But she did come back, and this brings me to the curious part of my story. No sooner had she entered the house, and taken her seat by the stove, than Debby, who had accompanied me on my visit, and had witnessed the cat fit, marched with a stately stride to the offender, and I never saw any other cat ears get such a boxing as hers received at Debby's paws. And it was funny to see the poor possessed cat tuck down her head during the boxing, and look so shame-eared, for you know the cat's ear is its most expressive organ; it frowns with its ears, and with them indicates its satisfaction.

And now, after what I have told you of the domestic virtues and amiable qualities of this cat, you will scarcely be prepared to believe that Debby was a hero, or heroine, if the grammarians be exacting. In process of time—but first I ought to tell you about Charley's discovery. One day I had given him a lunch of cold chicken and biscuit. He began calling, "Debby! Debby!" for he always shared his lunch with her. But Debby did not appear. He went to all her favorite napping-places and mousing-coverts, but she was nowhere to be seen. Finally he climbed the steps to the barn-loft. From a basket in the corner he heard such a chorus of mewings and movings as launched him into the wildest speculations as to what cat phenomenon was about to present itself. Rushing to the investigation, he discovered Debby and five kittens. Gathering them in his apron he rushed off to the house, Debby following, and meekly remonstrating against this wholesale abduction of her family. Rushing up to his Aunt Jane he emptied the whole crying, squirming mass into her lap, exclaiming, pantingly, "Debby's got five kittens; I found them in the barn-loft."

"Take the dirty things away," cried Aunt Jane, thinking of her clean lawn dress.

"I'm sure they're not dirty," said Charley stoutly. "Such a tidy cat as Debby would n't have dirty kittens. I'm going to make them a nice bed in the bath-room. I'll put them in the clothes-basket till I get the things."

I went out to see Debby's kittens, and then returned to my sewing. Presently I heard Charley calling out, "Why, Debby is eating up her kitten! You, Debby, put that kitten down! You wicked cat! 'Scat! drop that kitten! Why, she's eaten up all her other kittens! What a wicked mother!"

I went out and explained that Debby was no cannibal; she had merely taken back her kittens to their native place in the loft.

So, you see, Debby suddenly found herself called to feed six mouths instead of one. I think any human mother would have gone frantic at such an accession to her responsibilities. But Debby's energies and resources were equal to the emergency. As the kittens grew more lusty, and the mother-milk became insufficient, she showed unwonted zeal and industry in ratting and mousing. And when she had cleared the premises of rats and mice, she entered upon a very curious course. If there is such a thing as the transmigration of souls, the spirit of Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, must have dwelt in Debby. Every day or two she would betake herself to the woods, and never failed to come bouncing in to her babies with a flying-squirrel, or rabbit, almost as large as herself, slung proudly over her shoulder, and held by her teeth. The first rabbit she captured she brought to me. Laying it at my feet she looked up in my face mewing most imploringly. I knew she was begging for milk, her usual reward; but when I offered it she refused to touch it, running back and forth from the dish to her kittens, until I took it to them, when she began lapping the milk with them.

It was funny to see Debby train a kitten to mousing. She would conduct it into a closet, where she would establish it and herself in a sheltered corner behind a box or basket. Then she would close her eyes, and kitty would do the same, Debby every few minutes peeping from under her lids to be sure that the kitten was playing sleep properly. When she heard the patter of mousie's feet, and the fitting opportunity had arrived, she darted like lightning upon him. Then taking her victim to an open space she would call the kitten. When all things were ready the mouse was released, and the kitten was required to recapture him.

And now if I have succeeded in portraying the virtues and heroism of this remarkable cat, you will scarcely be reconciled to the manner of her death. Her life closed ingloriously. My husband brought home, one Spring day, a fine string of bass. Being without a girl, the cleaning of the fish naturally fell to my hand. In a cross mood at the thought I went to the kitchen.

There I found that my husband had been at work at the fish. Man-like, he had the heads and scales all over my bread-board, while the fish he had put in the bread-pan; and I must set bread that night. This state of things did not improve my humor. I went to find another vessel for the fish, and when I returned there was Debby on the table with her teeth in one of the finest of the bass. Unfortunately the griddle-lifter was at hand. I seized it, cried 'scat, and let it fly at poor Debby. It struck her at the base of the brain; she bounded into the air, whirled over, and over, and over, and was dead!

Of course I did n't mean to strike her. That was the first time in all my life that I ever hit any thing that I threw at. It seems like a horrid dream, that this hand of mine which has so often fed and caressed the subject of this sketch should be guilty of her blood; and it appears the more strange when I consider the occasion of her death—a liking for fish. I have often remarked, with sympathy, a cat's great fondness for fish, while it is utterly disqualified for capturing them, having a fear of water and a hearty aversion for it. So I had always conscientiously remembered Debby whenever we had fish. The stealing of that bass was the first wrong of which I ever knew her guilty.

HOW TO BE LOVED.

LITTLE boy and little girl, if you want to be loved by your mother and father, by your teachers and playmates, cultivate the virtue of unselfishness. Try and forget your own wishes in remembering what would please them. Each trial in this struggle over self will be easier than the last; and before you are aware of it the pleasure of pleasing others will be the greatest joy of your life. You will win love on every side; for love grows by kindness, and you will soon be the happiest child in your whole circle.

Do n't you remember when you brought your sick mother the bowl of strawberries which had been given you for your own eating? What a sweet and loving smile illuminated her gentle face! And do n't you know that the pleasure it gave you is renewed in your memory every time you see a dish of the delicious fruit?

Do n't you still feel the grateful smile and hear the low "thank you" of poor Jane Miller the day you divided your candy with her? You know how poorly she was clad and how the stylish girls were always laughing at her awk-

ward appearance. That was a noble act, and required all the more courage because others were cruel toward her. Our Father never forgets such acts, you may be very sure. "Inasmuch as ye did it to these little ones, ye did it unto me."

And not only will our Father love and reward you, but all your school-mates will love you better for being kind to the unfortunate. The very girls who scorned her will respect you for your act, though they may not show it at the time. Moral courage, like physical courage, will always be respected. And that poor girl will remember your kindness all her life, no matter if she lives for fifty years, and some day it will be returned with interest.

Tommy, do you remember the little boy you helped last week when that wicked Bob Wright was teasing him so cruelly? You know you threatened to tell good Mr. Lampton, who lived near, if he did n't let the little fellow alone. Well, Tommy, I met little Charley's father yesterday. He bade me thank you, and say that he considered you a noble boy, and he would not forget you. This afternoon he sent you this pair of handsome skates—for he says boys love a present of this kind better than a book. It shows that they are understood. And he says he is sure you will never go skating without your aunty's knowledge. And I know it too, Tom.

Now you see that kindness almost always meets its reward. It makes one more happy and beloved, any way, if you received no other compensation.

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me"—

this is the safest rule on all occasions, and is the surest road to the hearts of your parents, teachers, and friends. And the way to their hearts is the true path to happiness.

This little home-love may begin to seem tame and tasteless after a while. You may grow restless and longing—anxious to go out into the great world, where, in your glowing imagination, honors and wealth will flow in upon you like rain. But if you do go out and, after years of toil, and struggle, and temptation, find the vision a deception and a snare—then you will turn back to this very love with longing, hungry heart, as to the truest happiness of earth.

Trifles make up life, as drops of water a river, and grains of sand the gleaming miles of seashore. But love is not a trifle. It is the one great necessity of the human heart—as necessary to its fullness and content as food is to that of the body.

You all know that poor Robinson Crusoe, when he had nothing else to love, tamed the goats and made pets of them. What a joy it must have been to him to have the love even of dumb animals on that lonely island! And you have always heard of the love that "old maids" have for cats. This is only natural. Cats are more affectionate and better suited for house pets than any other animals; and a woman must have something to love, as well as a little boy or girl. So you will see how precious a thing love is; and he or she who gives the most to others is sure to receive the most in return.

A TRUE STORY.

IN the field back of my house and up the hill are two nice springs. From one I draw water to my house through pipes, while the water from the other goes to my barn and a neighbor's house. The water runs very swiftly because it runs down hill. It is far easier to run down hill than it is to run up.

The pipe enters this spring, not at the top of the water, nor at the bottom either. If it were at the top, the scum would get into the pipe, and a floating bug now and then. If it were at the bottom, dregs and sediments would get in. So the pipe goes in about six inches below the top of the water.

One morning there was a gay young frog about half as big as my thumb—too big for a tadpole, too small for a wise frog. He could go just where he pleased. He did not have to float with the bugs, for he knew how to dive. He did not have to stay at the bottom with the dregs, for he knew how to swim. So he kicked out his little hind legs and swam all around the spring, doing very much as he pleased.

One day he saw the little round black hole of the pipe, where the water was running in quite freely. He wondered where it led to. He put his nose in and felt the water pull, and was a little scared and backed out. But it was such a funny feeling to be sucked that way; it felt kind of good round his nose, and he swam up and looked in again. He went in as much as half an inch, and then the water got behind him and he was drawn all in. "Here goes!" said he; "I shall see what I shall see!" And along he went with the water, till he came to where the pipe makes a bend for my barn—a sharp bend, straight up. As the water was quiet there, he gave a little kick and got up into a still, dark place, close by the barrel where the horse drinks. "Well," said he, "it's a snug place here, but rather lonely and dark."

Now and then he thought of the spring, and the light, and the beautiful room he used to have to swim in, and he tried to swim back against the stream. But the water was on him or running by him swiftly, and he had no room to kick in the pipe. So every time he started to go back to the spring he would work hard for a few minutes, then get tired and slip back to the dark place by the barrel.

By and by he grew contented there. The water brought him enough to eat. He shut his eyes and grew stupid, stopped exercising and got fat; and as he had no room to grow very big in the pipe, he had to grow all long and no broad. But he grew as big as he could, till at last he stopped up the pipe.

Then I had to go out and see what was the matter, for the horse had nothing to drink. I jerked away the barrel, pulled out the little plug, and put a ramrod down; felt a leathery, springy something, and, pushing, down it went, and out gushed the water. What was that? I thought. So I pulled out the big plug, and put down an iron ramrod and churned it two or three times, and then let the water run, and out came a great, long, bleeding frog.

I could n't put him together again. Any thing that gets sucked into the pipe and grows up there, has to come out dead and all in pieces. I wondered how such a big frog could get into so small a pipe. Then a wise lady in my house told me. "Why, he went in when he was little and foolish, and grew up in there!"

I can not get that poor frog out of my mind. He was so like some young folks that I have seen. They frolicked up to the door of a theater, or they stood and looked into a bar-room, or they just wanted to go to one ball, or got out behind the barn to smoke a pipe, or went off sleigh-riding with some gay young fellow without asking leave—or some way put their foolish noses into a dark hole that looked funny, and led they did n't know where. Pretty soon in they go. When they want to go back they can't; and they grow bigger and wickeder and all out of shape in that dark place. If they do come out at last, they are all jammed up, or knocked to pieces, or sick or dying, or else dead. When I see them in their coffins, I hear folks ask: "How came he to throw himself away in that style? What made him drink himself to death? How happened she to go off to infamy? How came he to be a gambler?"

Then I shall answer as the wise lady told me about the frog: They went in when they were little and foolish, and grew up there. A bad habit hugs a man tighter, and jams him out of shape worse, than my pipes did that poor frog.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Gatherings of the Month.

THE BEST STIMULANT.—There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom, and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which, apparently, knows no waking in its house of clay, and the window-shutters are closed, and the door is hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and are very willing to fancy clouds where no clouds be. This is a state of sickness when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it. What shall raise the sleeping Lazarus? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulse dance to it through all the myriad-thronged halls in our house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us, with all his old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with "moonlight, music, love, and flowers?"

Love itself is the great stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, and performs all these miracles; but it is a miracle itself, and is not at the drug-store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you.

Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulants—the stimulants we use, but require the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpse will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses playing music, and the thoughts galloping. But the fast clock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with the wildest revelry more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart may be—into which the sky-lark happiness always goes singing.

CONSTANCY OF LOVERS.—We can imagine no greater mistake in life than for a man or woman to preserve an apparent constancy in action after affections have gone away from the person to whom they were pledged. It is a burlesque of honor, and a violation of truth; and yet it is the sacrifice which many an ardent lover demands. His sweet mistress promised to marry him one quiet Summer evening when a sudden access of affection made them picture the future as if it could only be a repetition of the

present. It was a beautiful picture, doubtless, and in the faith that it would become reality, they gave each other tender assurance of constancy, and swore to be husband and wife. Now some three years are over and gone, and the lover returns to claim the promised prize. During his absence the girl has grown to be a woman, and she has acquired very different notions in the world. In spite of herself—in spite of all those little vigils, and tokens, and duties by which a woman may preserve the memory of a man—the old love has insensibly faded away. She regards with dismay his return. Her first impulse is to meet him, for both their sakes, to release her from the engagement. Then, again, she shrinks from the pain she knows she will inflict upon him. She shrinks, also, from lowering herself in his opinion and the opinion of their friends, who will look upon her as a heartless and faithless creature, unworthy of the patient devotion with which he has labored for her and thought of her during that long separation. Very probably some strange notion of duty will prompt her to go and sacrifice herself to this pledge, which is now a mockery and a delusion. Even suppose she musters up sufficient courage to tell him that, during these years, she has come to think differently, and that she is afraid her affection is not such as should subsist between husband and wife, he is likely to overcome her scruples by his vehemence. Does she love somebody else? he demands. No. Has she any thing to find fault with in him? No. Then is not this strange notion merely a whim, a caprice? Will not use and want revive the old love, even should it have partially faded? Has he not sufficient love to make their union a happy one? And so forth, and so forth—the venerable protestations which lovers, from time immemorial, have uttered. Add to these his declaration that, if she does not marry him, she will break his heart and ruin his life; he will blow his brains out, or enlist as a soldier, or do something equally wild and unnecessary. Trembling, excited, and deeply commiserating her lover's plight, the girl resolves to remain "constant." She meets him at the altar, and promises what she knows she can not perform. She enters her new sphere of life with little hope, if not with downright aversion; and the consequence of that act may involve two lives in misery. Yet she has shown herself a miracle of constancy, and the world will applaud her good conduct.

COURTESY TO WOMEN.—That women do not receive the same amount of attention in England as they do in the United States, is true. There it is a positive cultus, exaggerated, as cults generally are, by fashion, superstition, or caprice. Its exaggeration is fatal to its beauty. When male courtesy ceases to provoke gratitude or reciprocity, it ceases to perform its intended functions. When attentions are extorted as a right, their flavor and spirit are gone. When two gaunt women take up a position of blockade by the chairs of two inoffensive men, and one draws out, "I wonder how long we're to be kept standing," and the other draws in reply, "I don't know what's become of men's gallantry," the immediate capitulation of the besieger is a tribute to female pertinacity, not to sentimental tenderness. Yet it was from a feeling of tenderness to the imputed helplessness of woman that the code of chivalry arose. Woman was supposed to be weak and powerless, and the help of man was dictated by the precepts both of Christianity and of generosity. Had the earlier ages known the institution of strong-minded, middle-aged females, of strange attire, voluble tongue, and exacting demeanor, it is probable that the code of chivalry might have been modified.

As it is, a law made for the protection of the most charming has been confirmed to the advantage of the least interesting of the sex; and it is much to the credit of American men that, in their own country, they exercise a traditional gallantry even under the most displeasing conditions. Perhaps neither they nor the objects of their attention know how much their practice is influenced by the discipline of ancestral Puritanism. We suspect that in England the sort of gallantry exhibited by the Cavalier and non-Puritan world was often any thing but respectful; and that true courtesy, like cleanliness and punctuality, was among the special virtues of a lowlier and sterner class. It certainly is the case that, if one wants to find the most wide-spread and profound courtesy to women nowadays, one must look for it not among the "polite" French or the refined Italians, but among the descendants of the American Pilgrims, or among the cultivated representatives of English Puritans.—*London Saturday Review*.

THE REPOSE OF FLOWERS.—Almost all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The common daisy shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its "day's-eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others close their blossoms at different hours toward evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes forever at four in the afternoon. It begins to expand its magnificent, sweet-scented blossom in twilight; it is full-blown at midnight, never to open again with the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf opens until after sunrise. So says a celebrated English author who has devoted

much time to the study of plants, and often watched them during their quiet slumber. Those plants which seem to be awake all night, he styles "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."

THE DISCIPLINE OF DIFFICULTY.—"Who will roll us away the stone from the sepulcher?"

God gives us difficulties in work the most sacred. Here, was a difficulty, and Mary and her companions, in dealing with it, suggest the way in which we should deal with our difficulties.

Difficulties are not meant to prevent our going on with our work. There was the stone: they knew it was there; but they went on to the sepulcher. Difficulties, like the weights on a clock, are not meant to paralyze, but to keep us going; and further, they should be stepping-stones to higher things. The child at school is asked to master the difficulties of multiplication, not that he may be puzzled, but to enable him to go on to division.

Difficulties are meant to throw to us Divine assistance. And God will help us in two ways. 1. By removing the difficulty when it is beyond our own power to do so. Here the stone was "very great," but when they looked it was rolled away. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Our difficulties would be halved if we did not anticipate them. 2. Not so much by removing the difficulty as by giving us grace to bear it; not so much by lightening the burden as by strengthening the bearer. Remove the thorn, prays the apostle. The answer is not removal, but grace sufficient. Peter was not kept from Satan's temptation; but the Savior prayed for him, and the disciple's faith did not finally fail. Only let us work up to the difficulty; God will then, not before, either help us through or make a way for our escape.

HOW TO JUDGE BOOKS.—Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may, after all, be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to bate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled your imagination with what is loathsome, or shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of its effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page. Throw it into the fire, young man, though it may be the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it should

be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-case.—*Southey.*

A MODEL MOTHER.—My mother was one of those gentle, soft-spoken, quiet little women who, like oil, permeate every crack and joint of life with smoothness. With a noiseless step, an almost shadowy movement, her hand and eye were every-where. Her house was a miracle of neatness and order—her children of all ages and sizes under her perfect control, and the accumulations of labor of all descriptions which beset a great family where there are no servants, all melted away under her hands as if by enchantment. She had a divine magic, too, that mother of mine; if it be magic to commune daily with the supernatural. She had a little room all her own, where, on a stand, always stood open the great family Bible, and when work pressed hard, and children were untoward, when sickness threatened, when the skeins of life were all crossways and tangled, she went quietly to that room, and, kneeling over the Bible, took hold of a warm, healing, invisible hand, that made the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

HONOR YOUR BUSINESS.—It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or his calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and laboriously destroy their comfort in their work; or they change their business, and go on miserably shifting from one thing to another, till grave or poor-house gives them a fast grip. A man should put his heart in every thing he does. There is not a profession that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing his business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected like all other human pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-stirring necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given him to shed beauty and pleasure upon the homeliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business, and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations; for God has given us imagination, not alone to make some poets, but to enable all men to beautify homely things.—*Economist.*

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—It is a striking fact that the dying never weep. The sobbing, the heart-breaking agony of the circle of friends around the death-bed, call forth no responsive tears from the dying. Is it because he is insensible, and stiff in the chill of dissolution? That can not be, for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of his mother, sister, or brother, in still conscious affection.

Just before expiring, he calls the loved ones, and, with quivering lips, says, "Kiss me!" showing that the love which he has ever borne in his heart is still fresh and warm. It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for earthly sorrows, too transcendent for weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier things, with the Father in heaven and his angels. There is no weeping in that blessed abode to which he is hastening.

MAN AND WOMAN.—The honored and beloved wife, the beloved and cherished daughter, not only never ought, but never does, feel discomfort in dependence. She has no desire to renounce serfdom or to break chains; for there is no serfdom to renounce, no chain to break. Probably she seldom thinks of it at all; but, if she does think of it, she thinks only how much happier is her lot, who is nourished through the ministry of love, than her neighbor's, whose life is only a thankless round of buying and selling. Far distant be the day that shall make it otherwise. Far distant be the day that shall send girls out from their father's roof to make their own way in life, as boys make theirs. Immeasurably farther that day that reckons it no reproach to the husband for the wife to feel her dependence upon him an unpleasant thing. Badly as women do man's work, men do woman's work still worse; for it is a far more complicated, intangible, and indefinite thing. Women themselves do it not too well, largely because our imperfect civilization has as yet kept them bound so closely to the rougher toil of man. But if women, having been so long dragged into that arena as straggling, struggling prisoners, shall now organize their forces, and voluntarily march in with intent to stay there as their fitting and final place—why, water will run uphill and fire will flame downward.—*Gail Hamilton.*

LITTLE TEMPTATIONS.—John Newton says: "Satan seldom comes to a Christian with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. 'There is no great harm in this,' 'no great peril in that;' and so by these little chips we are at first easily lightened on, and at last the green log is burned. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

MISERY AND SIN.—While there is so much misery and sin in the world, a man has no right to lull himself to sleep in a paradise of self-improvement and self-enjoyment, in which there is but one supreme Adam, one perfect specimen of humanity, namely, himself. He ought to go out and work. Nay, even a woman has hardly any right in these days to sit and dream. The life of action is nobler than the life of thought.—*Miss Mulock.*

Contemporary Literature.

A COPIOUS AND CRITICAL ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY. By William Smith, LL. D., and Theophilus D. Hall, M. A. Royal Octavo. Pp. 754. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A thorough English-Latin Dictionary has been a desideratum in the work of teachers and students, and Dr. Smith has done another good service to education by producing this complete and perfect volume. We do not wonder that he found a vast amount of time and labor necessary for the preparation of the work. Nearly fifteen years have been expended in completing the Dictionary. There was no existing English-Latin Dictionary from which any considerable amount of help could be derived, and such as were in existence were meager in extent, confused in arrangement, and often imperfect in examples and references. Dr. Smith did wisely in adopting an entirely new plan, with new examples and illustrations. Every article in the book is the result of original and independent research. Great pains have been taken in classifying the different senses of the English words, so as to enable the student readily to find just the word he wants. Where there are several Latin equivalents, these are kept quite distinct, and synonyms are distinguished by short explanations. Each meaning is illustrated by examples from the classical writers, generally given in both Latin and English. To the volume is appended a very full list of proper names. The work, we doubt not, will be cordially received as supplying a long and deeply felt want in our schools and colleges.

THE INSTITUTES OF MEDICINE. By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., LL. D. Ninth Edition. 8vo. Pp. 1151. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a new and enlarged edition of a valuable medical work which has long been before the medical profession, and highly appreciated. Dr. Paine was at one time our instructor in the departments of medicine which he so ably represented in the University of the city of New York. We well remember his learned, thoughtful lectures, and the battles which he used to fight in favor of "vitality" versus materialism and mere physical philosophy. Professor Paine is a physician of the old school. He wages unremitting war against the modern chemico-physical school of philosophy, especially in the application of its principles to medical practice. He denounces the modern doctrine of "debility" and the consequent general resort to stimulants, and insists on the sound philosophy and good practice of the old system of blood-letting. We could not help thinking often that the two schools are at opposite extremes, and

that truth lies just between them. Man is not simply a complicated chemico-physical machine, but a living organization; yet both chemical and physical laws have much to do with his well-being in health, and his restoration in disease. The vital powers are not created nor controlled simply by certain chemical affinities, nor are they absolutely independent of them. The volume is full of learning and philosophy; its author is unquestionably one of the first medical philosophers of the age, and his *Institutes* can not fail to be a rich treat to both the medical student and practitioner, to those who adopt and those who reject his doctrines.

ON THE GENESIS OF SPECIES. By St. George Mivart, F. R. S. 12mo. Pp. 314. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a most thorough and successful review of Darwin's theory of "natural selection" as the origin of species. The author is a distinguished English naturalist, and the volume before us is a reprint from the London edition. It has created quite a stir among English scientists. The author treats Mr. Darwin with courtesy and candor, admits his great services to science, and the plausibility at first sight of his theory of natural selection which lies at the basis of the whole Darwinian system. He then proceeds, with evident mastery of the subject, to suggest objections and to produce facts in opposition to natural selection, which leave the theory hardly any thing to stand upon. He admits, it is true, that to a certain extent natural selection exists and acts; but he maintains that in order that we may be able to account for the production of known kinds of animals and plants, it requires to be supplemented by the action of some other natural law or laws as yet undiscovered; also, that the consequences which have been drawn from evolution, whether exclusively Darwinian or not, to the prejudice of religion, by no means follow from it, and are in fact illegitimate.

It should be stated, however, that Mr. Mivart does not wholly deny that natural selection acts to some extent in the organic world. But its action is not supreme, as Mr. Darwin makes it, but is only secondary and subordinate to other forces. Mr. Mivart undertakes to prove, and we think does prove:

That natural selection is incompetent to account for the incipient stages of youthful structures.

That it does not harmonize with the co-existence of closely similar structures which are evidently of diverse origin.

That there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually.

That the opinion that species have definite though very different limits to their variability is still tenable.

That certain fossil transitional forms are absent, which might have been expected to be present.

That some facts of geographical distribution supplement other difficulties.

That the objection drawn from the difference between species and races still exists unremoved.

That there are many remarkable phenomena in organic forms upon which natural selection throws no light whatever, but the explanations of which, if they could be attained, might throw light upon specific organization.

Mr. Mivart, in short, maintains that the development of species has been brought about not wholly by natural selection, but by an internal power which has controlled and continues to control the universe—in other words, by Divine power.

There will be found quite a similarity in the mode of replying to Darwinianism between the articles which Professor Jewell is furnishing for our pages, and the doctrines of Mr. Mivart. But it is only the coincidence of thinking naturalists, Professor Jewell having written his articles before the appearance of Mr. Mivart's volume.

WORKS OF REV. L. L. HAMLINE, D. D. *Edited by F. G. Hibbard, D. D. Volume II. Miscellaneous Writings.* 12mo. Pp. 495. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

This second volume of Bishop Hamline's works contains forty-eight "Sketches and Skeletons," five Addresses, and seventeen Theological Essays. Whatever may be said in general of sketches and skeletons of sermons, these of the late Bishop Hamline are very much more than a mere "assemblage of dry bones, unsightly and unseemly." They are full of thoughts and suggestions, and in many instances present the very marrow of the sermon. The editor has done well, we think, in selecting these sketches, and addresses, and essays for a second volume, rather than matter of more literary character, which perhaps might more interest the general reader, but which would far less exhibit the mental and spiritual characteristics of the author. The editor gives a good reason for this selection, too, when he says, "When it was considered that the venerable author was a minister of the Gospel, a bishop in the Church, and an illustrious pattern of personal and ministerial purity and fidelity, it appeared to be more in propriety of character that he should, as far as possible, appear in, and speak from the pulpit." The editor well says, too, "Perhaps nothing could more truly and justly exhibit the mental order, but, above all, the uncompromising and earnest piety of the saintly author, than the strictly evangelical character of his themes. Spiritual religion was the home of his soul." And, again, we can not better express our judgment of this volume than by quoting from the editor: "For suggestiveness, for original and profound thought, for the purpose of mental quickening of the reader, for the sharpening of the intellect, for finished specimens of argument, forensic, metaphysical, theological, and popular, for practical and spiritual truth, few books of its proportions surpass it."

FRESH LEAVES IN THE BOOK AND ITS STORY. *By L. N. R., Author of "The Book and its Story," "The Missing Link," etc.* 12mo. Pp. 500. New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The author of this excellent volume has made his initials well known through the admirable books, "The Missing Link," "Life Work," and especially "The Book and its Story," of which the present work may be considered a sort of continuation. "Fresh Leaves" will prove a timely contribution to a want now felt by all real Bible readers. It is not enough in our day to read the Bible alone; much must be known about the Bible, as well as of what is in it. To supply this necessary information is the purpose of this volume. It has been issued for those who wish to be presented, when they sit down to read the Bible, with some thoughts and facts about each of its books, which shall help them to read it intelligently, not merely as a duty, and to perceive the bearing of its various parts upon each other. The facts are conveyed in a clear and simple way, and will give such additional charm to the Bible facts that the reader will be led to further search of the Holy Scriptures for spiritual profit. It will be a useful book also for Sunday-schools and Bible-classes. It is copiously illustrated.

WESTWARD BY RAIL: *the New Route to the East.* *By W. F. Rae.* 12mo. Pp. 391. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mr. Rae is an excellent letter-writer. He is a sensible, appreciative Englishman, making the tour across our continent from New York to San Francisco. His observations were originally contributed in letters to the London Daily News. Here they are entirely rewritten, enlarged, and converted into book style. He is a good observer, intelligent and impartial in his views and opinions. To the reader who has not yet made this wonderful railway journey the volume will give an accurate notion of the vicissitudes to be encountered, and the pleasures to be enjoyed; the details will be found both instructive and serviceable. The chapters on the valley of the Great Salt Lake and the Mormons will be found to differ in many respects from those of some other writers, yet they seem to be just, free from mere romance, and valuable in their facts and suggestions.

MUSINGS OVER THE "CHRISTIAN YEAR" AND "LYRA INNOCENTIIUM." *By Charlotte May Yonge.* 16mo. Pp. 431. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Miss Yonge, the famous novelist, appears here in a new rôle, and, we think, a much better one both for herself and her readers. She was for many years a constant visitor to Hursley Vicarage, and an intimate acquaintance of the gifted, pious, gentle John Keble. She could not help being a profound lover of his pure and saintly character, and an admirer of his devout songs and lyrics. In this volume she treats of both. She gives us first "gleanings from thirty years' intercourse with Keble," and gatherings

from the pens of other friends, from all of which we get a very full and charming picture of the life of John Keble, whom we at once recognize as a saint, a poet, a scholar, and a godly pastor. The bulk of the volume consists of "Musings" over the sacred songs of "The Christian Year" and "Lyra Innocentium."

A HAND-BOOK OF LEGENDARY AND MYTHOLOGICAL ART. By Clara Erskine Clement. With Descriptive Illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 497. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a very desirable contribution to our knowledge of the old historical and legendary persons, places, and facts which have found their way into the field of art. Without such knowledge it is impossible to understand or appreciate the works of the old masters. The book has originated in the way by which nearly all really valuable books have been made. It is born of the author's own necessity and experience; it is a hand-book of reference both for the reader and the traveler. It is very full and complete, extending from ancient Egyptian, Greek, and Roman art and story down to the latest date. It will be found a very convenient book in the department of information of which it treats, a kind of lore

not very valuable in itself, but yet which has played so important a part in the world that every intelligent person must read up in it.

THE DAISY CHAIN; or, Aspirate. A Family Chronicle. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc. Two Volumes. 12mo. Pp. 314, 309.

These are two very neat volumes in continuation of the works of Miss Yonge, which the Appletons are now republishing. It is one of the author's purest and best; being a family story, a record of home events, large and small, during those years of early life when the character is chiefly formed, and is an attempt to trace the effects of those aspirations which are a part of every youthful nature. It will instruct young people and interest those who are older.

HARRY AND HIS PONY. By the Author of "Little Kitty's Library." 18mo. Pp. 130.

FAITHFUL ROVER. By the Same. 18mo. Pp. 174.

LONELY LILY. By M. L. C. 18mo. Pp. 110. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

These are good little volumes for Carter's Fireside Library.

Editor's Table.

DEATH OF BISHOP CLARK.—We are again called upon to record the visitation of death in the high places of our Zion. Our beloved Bishop Clark fell asleep in Jesus on Tuesday evening, May 23d. Our heart is stricken with this great loss. We are astounded by this strange providence. For the third time within a very little more than a year, death has visited our Episcopal Board, and another of the chief shepherds of the Church has been called from labor to reward. We are confident that it is great gain to him; but we feel that it is an immeasurable loss to us. A greater loss has not fallen on the Church for many years. Bishop Clark was far more than an ordinary man, far more than an ordinary Bishop. The Church, judging from all human probabilities, had reason to expect from him many years of eminent service. We rejoiced exceedingly when in 1864 the General Conference placed him in the Episcopal office. We knew his eminent qualifications for the position, and then had good reason to anticipate for him a long life. He at once took a high place in the Episcopal Board, respected, beloved, and even revered by his colleagues in the high trust. The whole Church soon saw and felt his power and value. He took his place in the Conferences with the dignity, ease, and official skillfulness of a veteran in the work. From the day of his ordination he was wholly consecrated to the high trust which the Head of the Church had committed to him. He was ready for

every service, prepared for every sacrifice, submissive to every cross, apparently living but for one purpose, that of filling to the utmost extent the duties of his office. He was, perhaps, too great a worker. Perhaps if he had more carefully guarded his working power it might have endured longer. And yet we feel that "a good man's steps are ordered of the Lord," and that he was not left to act without discretion and judgment in this matter of continued devotion to his work, even down to the point when he fell in the Master's service. We loved him too much and appreciated his services and judgment too highly to blame him even in this regard. If any mistake was made it was in attempting the superintendence of nine Conferences during the Fall of 1870, in nine successive weeks, being already in seriously impaired health.

We write of our dear Bishop as of a personal friend. For more than twenty years we have known, and honored, and loved him. He was a noble man, one of the most complete, symmetrical, well-balanced men we have ever known. His manhood was round and full, with no striking salient points, but with an admirable completeness of character attained by but few men. In every relation of life he was a true man; a loving husband, a faithful father, an unswerving friend, a true patriot. Upon his first introduction into the Conference, he took high rank as a preacher of the Gospel. His reputation as a pastor

was excellent; all the interests of the Church were faithfully looked to, and his sermons were prepared with great care. His sympathies were ever enlisted in behalf of the poor, and in him the oppressed and the suffering found a ready and true friend. As a preacher he was not profound, but always thoughtful, sober, and earnest. He cared more to be useful than to shine; but his printed sermons are models of clear and careful exposition, of sound doctrine and of effective appeal. They were designed for the edification of his auditors, and no one could hear him deliver them in his own impressive manner without feeling the force of his words.

As a writer he was clear, but his style is somewhat heavy. Though fond of the lighter graces of literature, he seldom introduced them into his sentences; but one could always understand his meaning, and there was a directness and point in all that he wrote. What he lacked in the imaginative faculty he made up in the industry and skill with which he worked over and incorporated old materials. His genius was not invention, but study. Possessed of an excellent understanding and an acute judgment, he never talked *around* a subject, but always *to* it. Besides a large number of books which he edited, he is the author of "Elements of Algebra," 1842; "Mental Discipline," 1847; "Death-bed Scenes," 1851; "Life and Times of Bishop Hedding," 1855; "Man all Immortal," 1864; "Sermons," 1868, together with several occasional lectures and discourses published in pamphlet form. His contributions to the Church periodicals and secular prints would make several volumes more.

Bishop Clark was always a genuine hater of slavery, though he was never an agitator. His position in the Conference on this question was moderate though firm; but upon the adoption by Congress of the noted "compromise measures," including the atrocious Fugitive-Slave Law, he did not hesitate to denounce them as iniquitous and not binding upon the consciences of Christians. In the preachers' meeting of New York city he offered a set of resolutions condemnatory of that enactment, which passed that body with great unanimity, but afterward became the occasion of violent discussions and divisions.

His cast of mind was such that he was ill-fitted to be a politician. There was no craft in his manner or his speech. His friendships were hearty and true; and though he may have appeared reserved and cold to strangers, those who were admitted to his acquaintance knew the warmth of his heart and the value of his counsels. They could always tell where to find him. If he had no disclosures to make to those outside of his own circle, he had no concealments. What he was once he was always. He was dignified, courteous, and pure. His life was spotless and his death serene.

Our readers will find a very excellent outline of his life, up to the time of his ordination as Bishop, in the January Repository for the year 1865. From that we condense the following facts:

Davis Wasgatt Clark was born in the island of Mount Desert, Hancock county, Maine, February

25, 1812, and died at his residence in Cincinnati, May 23, 1871, aged fifty-nine years and three months. When he was about sixteen years of age a great revival of religion occurred in his native place, under the ministry of the Rev. R. C. Bailey. Deeply convicted of sin he sought for pardon, and while praying in a retired place the witness of the Spirit was vouchsafed to him. His mother was made a partaker of saving grace at the same time, and they together were two of the thirteen persons who constituted the first Methodist society in that locality. This gave a new bias to all his thoughts and desires. It had been his intention to follow the sea, but this interposition of Providence gave a new direction to his life.

At the age of nineteen he left home to seek an education. He worked his way through to college, and entered an advanced class in the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, from which two years subsequently, in August, 1836, he was graduated in the full classical course.

Immediately upon leaving college he was employed as a teacher in the Amenia Seminary, Dutchess county, New York. Here he remained seven years, the first two at the head of the mathematical department, and the remainder of the time as principal. He was eminently successful as a teacher, and during his charge at Amenia he witnessed several gracious outpourings of the Divine Spirit upon the pupils of his school. About the time of his accession to the principalship of the Amenia Seminary he married Miss Mary J. Redman, of Trenton, New Jersey, who, with five children, still survives him.

In the Spring of 1843, when he was thirty-one years of age, he was admitted on trial in the New York Conference. His first appointment was to Winsted, Connecticut, where he remained two years. The next two years he spent in Salisbury. In 1847 he was stationed in New York city, where he remained four years. In 1851 he was sent to Poughkeepsie, and in the Fall of 1852 he was chosen editor of the Ladies' Repository in this city—an office which he held, by two subsequent re-elections, until he was ordained Bishop in 1864.

Throughout life Bishop Clark was identified with the educational interests of the Church. Besides being elected President of three several universities, he was a member of the Boards of Trustees of the Wesleyan Female College in this city, and the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, and was President of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Between the years 1864-68, in the performance of his official duties as Bishop, he traveled over 65,900 miles; presided over 42 Annual Conferences; visited Oregon and California; organized the Nevada, Holston, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama Conferences; ordained 746 ministers, and stationed 4,612. In his diary of 1869 we find this record: "Reached home weary and worn. My Spring campaign is now closed. I have presided over seven Conferences, and traveled 9,000 miles." In the Fall of that year he again started out on his Episcopal tour, presiding over five

Conferences. In 1870 his Spring Conferences were five; but owing to the death of Bishops Thomson and Kingsley, although in an enfeebled state of health he undertook the presidency of *nine* of the Fall Conferences.

At the close of the Spring Conferences of 1870 it became painfully evident that his health was giving way. At the urgent solicitation of friends he visited the haunts of his boyhood home in Maine, and there with his family spent about two months. With the change his health and spirits were much revived. He returned from his Summer vacation with flattering prospects of ultimate restoration to health. Then, if at all, rest might have saved him; but the Fall Conferences were at hand; two of his colleagues had fallen; his earnest soul felt that he dared not stop; he went forth on his work, attending nine Conferences during nine consecutive weeks. He came home prostrated. A Winter of suffering such as but few knew any thing about followed. In February he rallied a little, and the Spring Conferences were at hand. Against the remonstrance of his physician he started out on his Spring tour. His devoted wife accompanied him on this last tour of labor; he presided over the Kentucky Conference, Lexington, West Virginia, Pittsburg, and New England. At the Pittsburg and New England Conferences he needed aid. His heart seemed set with unquenchable longing on reaching and presiding over the New York Conference—the birthplace of his ministerial life and labors, his Conference home. The desire of his heart was granted. He met with his old-time friends, opening the Conference with the affecting hymn, doubly so under the circumstances—

"And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face."

He consecrated the elements and administered the Sacrament to the Elders. After an affecting little address, in which he referred in affectionate terms to his old Conference home, and his beloved co-laborers therein, and alluded to the sad changes wrought upon him, and some of them, by time and care, he called Bishop Simpson to the chair, and left the church—never to return—never again to resume his official duties—the volume of his earthly labors closed—*forever*.

For about ten days his life seemed to be trembling in the balance, when he again revived a little and ventured on the journey home to Cincinnati, which he reached on the 19th of April, announcing to his children and friends that he "had come home to die." So it proved, though he lingered amid the fluctuations of disease for a little more than a month longer. This was a precious month; its days and nights were filled in that sorrow-stricken household, with beams of heavenly light, with visions of heavenly hope and joy. A few of these sacred scenes we must give to our readers, drawn from the record made by a loving and competent hand.

April 23d, the first Sabbath after his return to Cincinnati, he said, "To-day is Sunday, is it not? I never again expect to go to Church till I enter

the Church triumphant above. . . . How time delays, and yet it hurries fast enough! The summons do n't trouble me—do n't trouble me. If God would only come—and yet I do n't know that I ought to ask for one pang less. It is all right—all right."

Later he repeated—

"When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear;"

and, turning to his eldest daughter, he said, "Sing it." While she sang, he joined with a clear voice in the lines—

"I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day."

When reduced very low he frequently said, "What a strange outcome of life this seems to me! And yet not stranger than it may be to all of you. God sees not as man seeth." And then he repeated many times: "The Lord is my refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Amen and Amen!"

On the 25th of April there was a decided change in the Bishop's condition, so that flattering hopes of his ultimate recovery were entertained. This favorable change continued for almost two weeks. One day his wife said to him, "Does it not seem a long way back to health and active life?" "Yes," he responded, "it would have been shorter and brighter the other way."

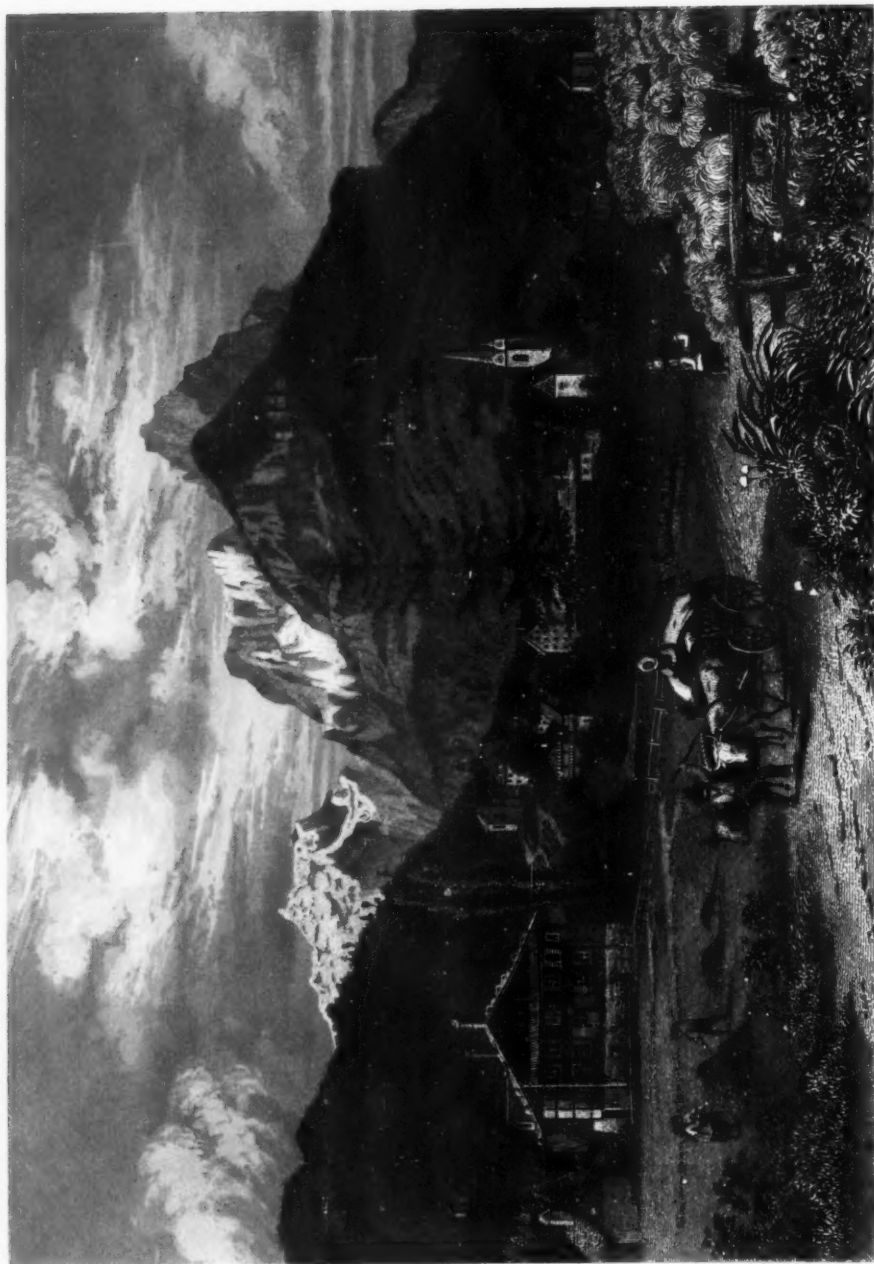
Most of the time his mind was perfectly clear on every point, and he conversed freely and with almost his wonted vigor. To one of the ministers, who watched with him one night, he repeated the greater part of a poem of Otway Curry—"The Great Hereafter"—always a favorite with him, telling the volume of the Repository in which it was to be found.

During these weeks many beautiful expressions fell from his lips—a precious treasure to those who heard them.

At one time he said to his wife, "I don't want you to be troubled about me, but rejoice and give thanks. It will all be well. If there are any indications that the end draws near, make no effort to detain me. Let me depart and be with Jesus, which is far better."

On Friday, May 19th, when sight and hearing were apparently gone, he put out his hand to the members of his family gathered around him, and the tears rolling down his cheeks, imprinted a kiss upon the lips of each one; a mute but eloquent farewell. Just at twilight he suddenly roused, and though he had not spoken more than a sentence for nearly two days, he said feebly but distinctly, "Tireless company! tireless song!" He paused for a moment and then added, "The song of the angels is a glorious song. It thrills my ears even now." Pausing again he spoke with renewed strength, "I am going to join the angels' song. Glorious God! blessed Savior! bless the Lord, O my soul! bless the Lord, O my soul!" and sank into an unconscious state, from which he never roused till the glad messenger came and ushered him into the gates of heaven.

So fell asleep in Jesus one of the noblest men American Methodism has yet produced.



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